National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

From The Liberator.

CELEBRATION

OF

West India Emancipation,

At Worcester, Massachusetts, August 3, 1849.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

As I look over this assembly, gathered for such an occasion, and upon such a time, I hesitate and pause before attempting to speak,—not because the word lingers, or the thought hesitates, but because thought, and feeling, and language, together, crowd so impetuously upon me, that each hinders the utterance of the others. A day like this,—when heaven from above smiles upon a smiling earth beneath, to welcome the observance of an event so glorious as that which has summoned us together,—is a fit day for commemorating the deliverance of a million of our brothers from the chain of bondage and the degradation of chattelism.

We may be—doubtless we are—in this wide land of ours, boastful of its love of liberty, proud of its pretended republicanism and Christianity, a minority—a small minority, who are attempting to redeem this day from the desecration to which different men in high places have consigned it; attempting to redeem the day from the cant and hipocrisy of a fast for abstract sin, which does not even dare to allude to the great practical abominations which are wrought in the land. We may be a minority, a few scattered over a wide land, who are willing on this day to rejoice,—to rejoice on account of the deliverance of our brethern in the far isles of the sea from the bondman's yoke; yet we know that 'He who is for us is more than they who are against us.' We know that in this rejoicing, we have the hearts of the lovers of liberty, the wide world over. We have the hearts of the emancipated bondmen of the islands, that are beating this day with high emotions of joy and thanksgiving for the gift which God bestowed upon them, and with gratitude to those through whose instrumentality it was obtained.—And we know that we have the sympathies of 'the spirits of the just made perfect,' who, from the heights of glory, bend down to admire and to rejoice in not only the event which we commemorate, but the commemoration of it in a land cursed by the institution of Slavery still. That even seven thousand have been preserved, who have not bowed the knee to the American Baal,—nay, to the American Moloch, rather. I should say; that a few should be willing to stand firm, each in his seperate position, girt about with sacred armour, like the seraph Abdiel

'——Faithful found
Among the faithless; faithful only he'—

is occasion of rejoicing to all who can understand what constitutes the true glory of the individual man, and of the human race.

There are those, doubtless, who will ask us, why have we almost turned a fast into a festival; why,—if we must have the day appointed for humiliation, and prayer, and lamentation, and if we must make of it a jubilee,—could we not choose some other occasion than one which seems so remote from us.—Why should we take an event accomplished by British power, in a distant land? Why should we take an act done by a foreign people? Why should we take a benefit which was received by a despised and degraded nation far across the ocean as the occasion of our rejoicing,—of our 'insulting,' (as we have been told here this morning,) 'the religious sentiment of the land,' by this attempt to turn the fast day of the nation into our day of mutual congratulations of sympathetic joy? Why is it that we have taken the deliverance of eight hundred thousand men under British rule, rather than any event which has taken place within the heart of our Republic? Why have we taken an act of the British parliament, instead of anything which has been done by our great men at Washington? Why is it that we rejoice over a decree of an English King, rather than wail, and mourn, and shed hypocritical tears at the bidding of an American President?

Our answer to these questions is this:—The scene of the action may be far away, but the principal of the action is universal. The immediate recipients of the boon may be in a remote land, but the boon is given to the whole intelligent creation of God; for wherever a righteous act is done, wherever a word of truth is embodied in a deed of goodness, there all intelligent beings have occasion to rejoice, for all receive the blessing. It is not, then for the emancipation of the British West Indies alone, that we rejoice. It is not merely,—though that were occasion enough for the lifting up of our hearts in thanksgiving, and the sending forth of our voices in songs of praise, yet it is not merely that these multitudes of our brethren have changed in the twinkling of an eye from chattels to men, and now stand up and rebuke the tardiness of this blood-guilty land, in washing itself from the stains of its crime. It is not alone that songs have taken the place of wailings, and thanksgivings for prayers for deliverance, and it may be imprecations for vengeance, in these far islands.

But, beside all this, it is that the act which has wrought such a blessed transformation there, stops not and cannot stop there. As well might you bid the lightning bolt, that has riven the oak-top above your head, to stop as soon as it begins to quiver among the lower branches, as to forbid the deed of that parliament, or of that philanthropy which only became manifest through the parliamentary act, to stop with the deliverance of the West Indian slave. It goes on; it reaches our land; it reaches all lands where the bondman pines in his captivity; it reaches all lands where the oppresser sits, in fancied strength, in the seat of his dominion; it reaches all lands where the cry goes up from yearning hearts, 'How long O Lord, how long!' and it comes to them as the promise, the prophecy,—'The day of your redemption is nigh! Lift up your heads! Take up the strain of thanksgiving in the midst of your prayers for deliverance; for, already, the day of your emancipation reddens the distant East'

Why do we celebrate such a day, then? Our fathers left us—so we have been taught by our demagogues and politicians—a fit occasion for gathering from every corner of the land, to unite our voices in congratulations, and praises, and thanksgiving, to send the thunder note of our joy through the brazen throat of the cannon, and to peal out our exultation from the bells of a thousand steeples. The Fourth of July is the American's grand festival.

Why should we celebrate that day? Because unto us it uttered the word in behalf of liberty. Because unto us it announced a great principle, which, in its going forth, was to break the chains of bondage. Because on that day, the abstract truth of all men's inalienable right to be free was proclaimed by the representatives of the nation. Very well; good as far as it goes; to be rejoiced in for all that it is worth. But if we must celebrate that day when the word of freedom went forth to bless the land, what shall we say of that day when the word was embodied in an act, and in an act worthy of the word? What shall we say of that day when the abstract principle became a practical reality; when the mere declaration of the right of men to be free took the shape of a decree of liberty, that smote the chains from almost a million of captives? It seems to me that, if the *word* is to be rejoiced over, far more is the *deed*; and if the day which witnessed the truth of the word is to be a bright day in the American calendar, if it is to be a day to be greeted with the thundering of cannon and the ringing of bells, if it is to be the occasion of oratory and strains of music and poetry; then we should seek about for some accumulation of means and devices to give utterance to the full swelling emotions within us which that day brings with it, which witnessed not merely the empty utterance of glorious principles, but the sending forth of those principles embodied in action, to bless those that were longing for the boon!

Again, when I am naturally led by the occasion to contrast the cause of our festivity with that which is made the cause of rejoicing by the vast majority of this people, I cannot forget a strong point of contrast, wherein this occasion which brings us together may justly claim the superiority, not small or hard to be discerned, over the day which our fellow-countrymen generally celebrate. It was a noble deed, unquestionably, to brave the power of Britain, in defiance of the rights of man. It was a noble deed, unquestionably, to assert the independence of this nation in the face of the mighty force which it was known would be wielded to crush the efforts made to maintain it. It was, undoubtedly, noble to battle for human rights at the expense of treasure, toil and blood, such as purchased the independence of the American republic. But, after all, it was an effort which men made for themselves, with every prospect of personal success in the case beckoning them on to effort; and with every prospect, on the other hand, of personal inconvenience, suffering, loss of reputation, standing, property, and it may be of life itself, in multitudes of instances, if they should neglect to make such an effort. It was such considerations that urged those men on, who enlisted in the American revolution, to consummate the enterprize in victory and success; whereas, here is a struggle, not like that for personal advantage, and against personal inconvenience, but for the good of others—of strangers—of men despised and degraded—of men so low, so poor, so destitute of all means either to coöperate in the struggle, or to reward their self-constituted champions that it was even doubted, or professed to be doubted by many, whether they were men to receive the boon of freedom, or to claim it in the name of our common humanity.

Washington and Warren, Adams and Hancock,—they stood up with a continent to back them. They were contending for rights, which, being won, they could transmit to their posterity, receiving in return the gratitude of generation after generation. They were building up a renown that should last through the ages; and they looked for it, they anticipated it. They fought, then, with every stimulus that could be derived from the highest—if I may use such terms in such a connection—from the highest, the purest and the noblest selfishness, that could ever actuate man. At any rate, the noblest form of self-love, the strongest impulse of desire for self-improvement, for betterment of their own condition, impelled them to action.

But the British philanthropist, who began years ago, in opposition to reproach, and scorn, and obloquy, to contend for the rights of the West Indian slave—what of all this had he to encourage him? He had already liberty to boast of, in comparison with the dwellers in other lands; and all that he expected to have if he should be completely successful in the enterprize in which he engaged. He had, already, all that he expected to have, however successful, of wealth, security of personal rights, or means of personal enjoyment, save only as he might add to these the consolation of having done good to his fellow men; in the reflection that his efforts and his sacrifices had blessed his brother. No other reward than this did he expect, or could he have reasonably expected. For a distant people, for a people despised and contemned almost below the level of the lowest man for such a peopledid he plead; and against the power, the wealth, the eloquence, the learning, the reputation, the aristocracy, the monarchy of England, he asserted the claims of God's despised and down trodden poor; and asserted those claims to receive in return the epithet of fanatic, of enthusiast, of visionary, of madman, of incendiary, of disturber of the peace. Everything, in short, with which we, struggling in this Anti-Slavery enterprise of our day, have become so familiar, was the lot of the British philanthropist, when first he demanded that the Slave Trade should be abolished, and afterwards claimed that the slave should go free.

If it was noble, then, for our fathers to contend with so much to animate them in behalf of their own rights; if that was heroic, and worthy of our gratitude and admiration how much more should we, with grateful hearts, revere the deeds of those moral heroes, who, not for their own advantage, or for the advantage of men who were able to reward them abundantly for their toils and their hardships, but for the advantage of the despised and the outcast, and the poorest of the poor, put in peril reputation, property, and toil, and were even in peril of death, as in some instances it seems they were in so disinterested a cause. Is not ours a day, then, worthy to be commemorated?

I might give you another reason why we claim that we have more cause for rejoicing upon this day, than upon that which our fellow-countrymen celebrate, the means whereby the victory was achieved. Ours, like the enterprize of the British philanthropist, is a *peaceful* struggle against the powers that sit in the high places of our land; and, therefore, we can heartily sympathize with men who attempted to achieve their victory over wrong, not like our forefathers on the field of battle, not with the sword and the bayonet, not in the blood of the evil-doer, but by a victory which should bless the vanquished and the victory and the objects of the victor's efforts, all together; if not all alike. It was a peaceful warfare, if these are not contradictory terms. It was a spotless victory. It was a victory achieved by THE WORD OF TRUTH, spoken in earnestness and simplicity; and herein we have occasion to rejoice, not merely for that which is past, not merely that the blessing of freedom has been attained by 800,000 human beings, without the loss of a life, without the shedding of a drop of blood without the pouring of tears down the cheeks of a single widow or orphan—to rejoice, not merely that so great a boon has been purchased at so comparatively cheap a price, but also, for the earnest that this event gives us of the result of the labours in which we ourselves have been engaged. Why, this has been but the trying of the edge of the weapon with which we are fighting! It has been but testing the temper of the instrument with which we are labouring! And the result tells us, that the edge is indeed sharp, and that the temper is indeed heavenly; that the weapon has been given us from the armory of God, so tempered that no earthly shield can resist its edge. Wherever it smites the armor of Graybeard Error, or the seven-fold adamant of the shield of Iniquity, it goes clear through, and wins a victory which no resistance can prevent. We have that weapon, and with it we are warring against American Slavery. In the downfall of British Slavery, as seen in the emancipation of the West India Islands, we hear only the first utterance of that word of Providence which has gone forth into all lands, to 'proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.' We see in it the proof of that truth, which is iterated and reiterated so often to unbelieving men's hearts, that God's word 'shall not return unto him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereunto it is sent.'

We rejoice, because we feel that, in the event which we celebrate, we discern the first fruits of a glorious harvest which is to crowd the graneries of philanthropy for the civilized world, and which is to benefit all future ages. We rejoice, because in the result of this controversy with wrong, we witness a proof of the invincible and the wholly victorious power of the right. Men may say the cases are different; and so they are in some things and possibly in some things which may render it necessary for us to put forth greater energy for the accomplishment of our purpose. But he who has tried the temper of the axe with which he fells the forest trees, upon the softer pines, must with the better confidence as he strikes the knotted and gnarled oaks, that they also in their turn shall come crashing to the earth. He who has proved his weapons against the feebler foe, fears not to meet him of louder boasts, and clad in mightier panoply.

But it was by no means the trifling thing that some seem to imagine, to achieve the victory which British philanthropists won upon the floor of the British Parliament, having previously won it throughout the British nation. One single fact is a strong commentary upon the declaration, that the difference between our case and that of England is so wide as to give us no right to reap encouragement from the one for the other. One single fact is an illustration of the change of position which was necessary to be attained, before from being a handful of despised fanatics, the philanthropists of England should be the leaders of a triumphant party.—nay, rather the organs of the voice of the nation, swallowing up all distinctions of party in one loud and universal demand of liberty for the slave, one loud and universal shout of exultation when the demand was granted.

The fact to which I allude is one, doubtless, familiar to most of those who are listening to me that the same man, who, in the beginning of the controversy against the Slave Trade, in his place in the British House of Lords, denounced WILLIAM WILBERFORCE and his associates as fanatics and enthusiasts, lived to set his hand to the charter of British emancipation. They who, from the lips of the Duke of Clarence, received denunciation and reproach and ridicule, lived to compel him, by the power of moral coercion, as King of England, to sign the act of deliverance from bondage!

Now, it may sound very strange at this day, but it is nevertheless possible, that some JOHN C. CALHOUN or ZACHARY TAYLOR may, as President of the United States, sign an act for the emancipation of all the slaves under the jurisdiction of the U. S. Government; or that some such men as these, as Governors of their respective States, may sign an act for the emancipation of slaves within the State. Yet, would it be any more strange to us, than would the tale, could it have been foretold by one gifted with foresight, and declared in the hearing of the British nation, in the commencement of the warfare with the Slave Trade, that the Duke of Clarence, who stood then in his place in the House of Lords, deriding the movers in the cause, should live to cower before that philanthropy, to bow in homage to its authority, and submissively do its bidding? It matters not for the purposes of our argument, whether he did it cheerfully, with his whole heart, and there by showed a still greater and more powerful victory, even the reformation of the understanding and heart, or whether it was done reluctantly, under the pressure of resistless power. It comes to the same thing at last. The utterance of truth, faithfully persevered in, had wrought the change in the public sentiment which gave deliverance to the slave.

Then, shall *we* despair? Nay, rather, that is a lesson which we never began to learn! From the day when an obscure printer, in the city of Boston, began to issue his publications, the authorship of which could not be guessed at, nor discovered, until after a long and continued search by the Mayor of the day; from the hour when that obscure printer sent out his voice, demanding liberty for the slave, and affirming, in tones which seemed strangely enough disproportioned to the circumstances—'*I will not equivocate—I will not compromise—I will not give back a single inch—and I will be heard*'—until it now rings from the gold-placers of California, and sounds from the hills of Maine—from the valleys of the Mississippi and the borders of Florida, and from the wild prairies of the remotest West—we have never known what it was to despair of the cause in which we are engaged. For the instant in which we set our foot on the rock of TRUTH, whereon we intended to found the temple of Liberty for the slave that instant we felt its firmness beneath our tread, and were certain that we stood upon the rock of eternal ages. We were certain, the instant that we threw ourselves into this enterprize and felt the current which was bearing us on to the consummation of victory, that that current was no other than the full tide of God's almighty energies, rolling on to the accomplishment of his purposes, to the blessing of the world. We felt it, and knew it, and rose up in that confidence to do battle against oppression, whatever might oppose us; wealth, talent, learning, or whatever else should be arrayed on the side of the institutions of the land.

We are not more certain now of the strength of our position, when we have seen the principle triumph in the British West Indies; and now that we see our nation rocking from end to end with the agitation which the utterance of this principle has produced, we are not more certain that we shall succeed, than we were when our pioneer was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his body, and consigned to the prison as the only place to protect him from the prey of a mob. Then we were as certain of triumph as now. Then we serenely exclaimed, in the language of one of our bards of freedom—

'Let the storm come! It beat with fiercer rage
When cried the multitude, with maniac shout,
"LET HIM BE CRUCIFIED!" Ye war with God!
Impious and unbelieving! He hath bared
His right arm for the battle, and hath thrown
His buckler over us;—and every wound,
And every outrage which we suffer now,
In the hot conflict of the RIGHT, shall be
A token and a pledge of victory!'

That was the language which the Anti-Slavery press and the Anti-Slavery speakers of that day uttered—it is the language which they utter now.

Still we rejoice, not for our own sakes, but for the sake of the faltering and the timid in the midst of seeming darkness and despondency,—for their sakes we rejoice that the West India Emancipation has demonstrated practically, in a manner which they can understand, the almightiness of God's truth.

I might give other reasons for our rejoicing—in the demonstration which has been given us of the safety and wisdom of emancipation; in the results of that event which took place in the British isles fifteen years ago; but this is a theme familiar to most of you; and, besides, I am warned by the passing time, that there are others about to address you, who are abundantly able to instruct, and I will not hinder those who are waiting to come forward, and pour the stream of their refreshing eloquence upon you.

SPEECH OF THEODORE PARKER.

Sir Robert Peel, in a speech which he has recently made, widely read in England, and more widely here, has declared that he has no faith in disinterested philanthropy. Mr. Palfrey, in his letter, alluded to some gentlemen—perhaps not present, perhaps present,—who, in the Anti-Slavery enterprize, spent a sum as great as they spent in their own families every year. I take it, those men believe in disinterested philanthropy. I hope there is not a man before me that does not believe in it; I know there is not a woman. (Applause.)

We have come here, to-day, to commemorate one of the most remarkable acts of disinterested philanthropy ever performed by a nation; an act of wholly disinterested philanthropy, of plain justice, which is only philanthropy in short. Of that I need not speak; and yet I have sometimes thought that Anti-Slavery men, while they eulogized England on the one hand, and while they spoke reproachfully of America on the other, a little over-rated the Anti-Slavery feeling in England, and a little under-rated the Anti-Slavery feeling here.

I would not speak willingly with disrespect of our mother-land; but I think, had those slaves been on the fast-anchored shores of England, they would not have been freemen in '38. They would have been slaves to-day.

There is nothing in the past history, there is nothing in the present condition, of England, which leads a man to believe, or to be certain, at least, that had the British people, American Slavery to deal with, they would have borne themselves more nobly than ourselves. Recently they have done some noble things, taken a long step in an important direction; abolished the corn laws, a good thing; repealed the navigation laws, a good thing; but if a man should stand up in England, and lift up his voice against the most tyrannous institutions there he would meet the same opposition that he encounters here. If he lifted up his hand, and his voice, and spoke in behalf of the millions who till the fields, and tend the looms of Manchester, he would encounter still stronger opposition, and denunciation yet more ferocious, if that be possible.

Still this was a great act, and a noble act; and when it was first performed, there were some earnest and sanguine men here, who, in the passing bell of West India Slavery, heard the funeral knell also of American Slavery. Sanguine men said, that also must soon fall and perish. But now, when eleven years have passed by, men look and say that we have done nothing; that there has been Anti-Slavery agitation, but not Anti-Slavery progress.

I know, as we look at the matter, at first it seems as if there was nothing that had been done. Since 1838, three Administrations of this nation have begun; two served out their time, and the third is in the full tide of successful experiment. (Laughter.) "Successful" has its meaning there. All these were administrations of slaveholders. Mr. Tyler, the Whig slaveholder, if Whig he ever were; Mr. Polk, the Whig slaveholder—[*A voice*, Democratic]—Democratic—excuse me, the Whigs have not the monopoly—Mr. Polk, the Democratic slaveholder, who became a Christian on his death-bed—[*A voice*—Better late than never]—ay, better late than never, *if it were so*,—a very Orthodox Christian, no doubt, who declared that he did not expect to go to heaven, for his morality, but to go there by the sprinkling of water from the priest's hand. Two administrations of slaveholding Presidents have begun and ended, and the third,—call it Whig or call it Democratic, which you will, my friends,—is in the full tide of successful experiment.

There has been added to this family of States, Florida, a slave State, with a Constitution perpetuating Slavery; there has been added a new territory, formerly free from this wicked institution, a territory big as the whole kingdom of France, and Slavery established, *re*-established there, and also made perpetual, so far as constitutions can bind; there has been a war tought in behalf of Slavery to get new soil; and now a territory, larger than the old Thirteen States lies there, and the bold slaveholders,—modest now no more, but grown insolent as they have grown proud, and proud as they have grown rich,—insist that Freedom shall not set her foot in that place!

We know that the North sends men to Washington. The Whig party sends them, and the Democratic party sends them, ready to extend this institution over that soil, unless you say them nay. Great men have come up, and great men have gone down; but not one of the famous and mighty men in politics of this land has come forward as the avowed and unflinching champion of this Anti-Slavery enterprize.

Men look at this, and they say that we have done nothing. Look at it in another way, and you will see that there has been something done.

In every great movement there are three periods; and the first is the period of SENTIMENT. Men feel that there is something wrong. They feel that there is, likewise, somewhere, something right, the antagonist of wrong, and its antidote besides. But all is vague, all is uncertain. Sometimes, in the period of SENTIMENT, men rush instantly into action. The action is always a failure.

After the period of SENTIMENT comes the period of IDEAS. Then, what was feeling has been translated into a thought; and men are striving to make the idea perfect, representing facts, to make it complete, representing every fact. This is a long period, and a period of hard and earnest and stern work. Idea is brought into collision with idea, scheme with scheme, plan with plan; and the two ideas struggle, each for victory, both for existence.

After the period of IDEAS, after the idea becomes perfect and complete, then men pass to the period of ACTION.

We are at this moment in the period of IDEAS. The period of action [illegible] have the idea, seek to gain the sentiment. They seek to diffuse the idea; and when the sentiment has kindled wide and deep in the nation, when the idea has been diffused perfectly among the people, then comes the period of action. But while men are without the sentiment, or with it have not the idea, if you propose to them your plan, and you say "NO MORE SLAVE TERRITORY," they cannot understand you. You say, "LIMIT OR ANNIHILATE THE SLAVE TRADE BETWEEN THE STATES,"—they cannot comprehend that. "ABOLISH SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES AND THE DISTRICT,"—they cannot take in even that. You say to them, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS,"—of course, they cannot understand that. They have not been through the preparatory stage of sentiment and idea, to grapple with the harder practical lessons that come afterward.

And yet, during this time, vastly much has been done in the way of kindling sentiment and spreading the idea. Look at the state of feeling not long since. It is not a great while since the Representative of Middlesex, [EDWARD EVERETT,] on the floor of Congress, justified Slavery out of the New Testament, declaring also, that if any cause would lead him to put on his knapsack and shoulder his musket, it would be to put down an insurrection of the slaves. That was the voice that went from Lexington and Bunker Hill, was it? No; Lexington and Bunker Hill have since sent another man there, [Mr. PALFREY,] made of other stuff, and who makes other speeches too. Since that time, I say, there has been a great change. A little while after that, when the Anti-Slavery of Massachusetts was incarnated in one man,—other prophets there were, other apostles, but I am not doing more than historical justice when I say it was incarnated in one man,—and that one man so obscure, and so unknown to fame, that the Mayor of Boston could not find him, until he called in the police to aid,—and then the only visible auxiliary of Anti-Slavery was a negro boy—(laughter and applause)—since that day, there has been a little change in Anti-Slavery feeling, in Anti-Slavery ideas. It is not long since the Governor of Massachusetts, [Mr. EVERETT] suggested to the Legislature, whether it was not proper that they should legislate to prevent Anti-Slavery discussion! We have changed that a little.

And during this time, what have we lost that we had before? One man, [JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,] standing in his place in the House of Representatives,—the 'bear-garden' of the nation, as some man says it is,—boldly and earnestly lifted up his voice, old, but eloquent, in behalf of mankind. Him we have lost; but in his place we have sent there one mightier than he, with more power of intellect, though far inferior in years, with more power of sentiment and of ideas, with more power of justice, and without the alloy of passion; one known by heart to all of you. I doubt not, and who is an honour to the name he bears,—the name of MANN. (Applause.)

Look and see some of the signs, ay, some of the proofs, of this waking of Anti-Slavery sentiment, of this diffusion of Anti-Slavery ideas. This morning, the *Boston Post*, becoming moral on the subject of Slavery, the *Boston Post* reads a sharp lecture to the editor of the *Atlas*, and rates him for being pro-slavery! (Laughter.) Who would have dared to promise that, ten years ago? No man.

See, too, the growth of this great, this mighty Free Soil party! All over the North, the Anti-Slavery sentiment has been kindled. All over the North, the Anti-Slavery idea has been diffused. I know the sentiment does not burn strong, and the idea has not taken hold deep of the whole mass of men; but there are spots where it burns like a fire in the woods, where the idea sends out its light into the darkness, and it is heeded even at noon-day. I might call to witness a recent Convention at Cleveland, as one proof of it. I might point to the numerous newspapers, avowedly Anti-Slavery. I might point to the clergymen whom I see, thinly indeed, scattered throughout this assembly; and you all knew that the clergy,—I myself am one of them,—are not the first to move in any Christian or public enterprize, where popularity is not ensured beforehand. [A voice—True!] True? I know it to be true. I consider the presence of these men, thinly scattered, one proof, and not one of the least striking and significant proofs; but here is another.

They say,—perhaps it is a fable, I do not give it as a fact,—they say that scorpions, when girt about by a ring of fire which they cannot break through, turn upon each other, and join fang to fang, and poison comes to poison. So we see—and those gentlemen to whom I allude shall have all the benefit of the comparison—so we see two mighty Southern politicians, surrounded by a ring of Anti-Slavery fire which they cannot break through, BENTON and CALHOUN, joining fang to fang, and poison tooth to poison tooth. (Applause.) This is not without its significance. As Mr. BENTON is a Democrat, will you say that Mr. BENTON abhors Slavery? It may be so, and before God I wish it might be true; but it is not the sin of politicians to be righteous overmuch. (Laughter and applause.) There is nothing that I know, in the past history or present character of that distinguished man, whom certainly I honour for many wise counsels and many noble deeds,—nothing in his past history or present character, which would lead me to suppose that he sets a higher estimate than Sir Robert Peel, on disinterested philanthropy. I take him, therefore, as a significant sign of the times; and for the present purpose, he is mere valuable as an indication of the times, than if he had all the heroism of some men whom I will not name. I look on him as a great thermometer, hung up in our political weather, and he shows the Anti-Slavery heat. It is that which makes his mercury rise up to the Free Soil point. (Renewed applause.)

These, my friends, are signs not to be mistaken, signs 'not to be spoken against,' (if I may speak out of my own profession,) which show that the Anti-Slavery sentiment has got kindled, and the Anti-Slavery idea diffused. These men have not laboured in vain. Mr. CALHOUN tells us in that famous letter emanating from the Slavery Committee at Washington—Mr. CALHOUN tells us that the Anti-Slavery men have done a good deal towards effecting their end. It is a great confession, but it is not fully true. They have done a good deal towards their *beginning*, not towards their end, for the end is not yet. These men will not be satisfied with having no more slave territory; not be satisfied with restricting the Slave Trade between the States; not be satisfied with abolishing Slavery in the capital and in the territories. No,—they will rend it from the Constitution; they will tread it out of the land, and write the words, FREEDOM and LIBERTY, making a cross therewith, in great broad letters, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of California, and backwards from Cape Sable to the Lake of the Woods; and they will not be satisfied until they have done that. (*A voice*—Never!) Never—no; let us all say, NEVER! (Applause.)

Men will work in very different ways. I do not expect all men to work in my way. I should be sorry if they tried. No one man is so wise as millions of men. The Free Soil party has done much already. They may not come up to the standard of my friends here behind me. But they have done much already; and I thank God, and I thank them for what they have done. One thing, at least, they have done. They have set a fire in the rear of our doughface Representatives that we send to Congress. (Applause.) Still, there is much to do. Now is not the time to relax our energies. Now, rather, is the time to push, and be active. For the first time since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the Slave Power has trembled, has recoiled, has been defeated, and has turned back.

The President of the United States has asked us to come together, to-day, and this, I think, is the first time that an Anti-Slavery meeting was ever called by proclamation of the Executive. (Laughter.) I will not be so unjust to the intellect of the Cabinet of General Taylor, or of the gentleman himself, as to suppose that he really partakes of the motives which seem to animate the proclamation. I have higher respect for the intellect of those men than to believe that they share the superstition so apparent in the proclamation of our own Governor.

But in old times, on a Fast day, there were two things to be done. One thing was to repent. We are told that the cholera has come as a judgment for national sins. The national sin to [illegible] freedom; is there a soul in this great congregation, under this lofty canopy, who is proud to have been indifferent to the Anti-Slavery cause? Are any of you proud to have hung back and hindered the efforts put forth to hasten the glorious day which is to be God's acceptable fast and jubilee? There are thousands whose bosoms expand, and whose hearts respond to the godlike conception of regenerating their race. They do not feel that they are mere porpoises on the surface of human existence, to roll over and over in its foaming surge, and the moment they chance to receive a wound, be mercilessly pursued by their fellows until driven ashore and left to rot upon the sands. But they have an immortal destiny before them, and if they supposed that this day of emancipation would be postponed a thousand years, still they would be proud to have their names recorded among those that hoped for it, that loved it, and that were ready, if need be, to die for it.

Where are the sympathies and where is the sense of justice in the people of this nation, that they are so quiet and contented respecting this momentous question? They are purring over other selfish schemes, planning this, that and the other petty enterprize; while, if they should see a father, or brother, or wife, or child, in Slavery, they would move all heaven and earth for their deliverance. Yet here are millions, millions, in this professedly republican and Christian country, where there are 40,000 nominal preachers of righteousness, three millions that are lifting up their manacled hands, and entreating their more fortunate fellow-men to do unto them as they would be done unto, to whose cries they are deaf, to whose distresses they are indifferent, by whose miseries they remain unmoved. It seems to be a matter of querry to the great mass, whether they will do anything at all for the emancipation of these down-trodden millions. But we have assembled here, that if possible we might stir up each other's minds to the consideration of this subject; that we might quicken each other's ambition for the prosecution of so great and good a cause.

What will you do, friends? Mr. President, what will this great congregation of professed Abolitionists do? Do we really hate Slavery and long for its overthrow? Will we work for it? Will we spend money for it? Will we live for it? Will we uncompromisingly oppose and denounce everything that sustains Slavery? Or, growing weary of our labours, will we turn, each to his own selfish course? Will we seek for worldly promotion and honour, and leave unfriended the wretched slave in his woes, as the priest and Levite left him who fell among thieves, passing coldly by on the other side?

Nay; let us hope that a fire has been kindled; that it has begun to burn in many of these hearts; and that it shall never be quenched until entirely consuming this abomination, it ushers in the illustrious period which we have endeavoured to imagine. O, then, let us not be ashamed of our cause! Let us not be indifferent! Let no inferior object or subject in the world inspire so much enthusiasm as this! Let a consciousness of the fact that we are hastening the great anticipated jubilee, bear us victoriously onward to the day of triumph! I feel, for one, that this is a gospel not to be ashamed of; that this is a warfare of truth and righteousness against iniquity, in which we are never to be weary until the end be accomplished. And that end will be accomplished. As sure as there is a spirit pervading this vast universe of nature, infinitely wise, good, and great, the result will take place. Such a hollow and superficial republicanism as we now have shall be buried deep in the grave of oblivion. Such an apostate Christianity as pronounces its benedictions on unrepentant slaveholders shall also be deep buried in the grave of oblivion. The ignoble ambition which is satisfied with its own aggrandizement, and is ready to thrust back into the dust fellow-creatures of equal rights, is giving way. In its place, the higher sentiments of humanity are rising up, an ambition is seizing upon the minds of men, to be helpers and saviours of their race. This is an end worth living for—is one that God will bless. Yes, He will bless you, every one of you, who, with devoted hearts and hands, take hold of this great work of abolishing oppression.

We have only to make men thoroughly hate Slavery, by showing it in its true light, and to make them love the opposite, by showing its glory and excellence. When they see these things as they are, they will begin to feel and act as they ought. Is there a man, woman or child here that has borne a faithful testimony against this great abomination, future welfare of our country! Would not *that* have been a deed in which we could rejoice? Would it not have been a deed for which the nations of the earth could bestow upon ours a tribute of honour such as never has been paid us? Would it have been a shameful, a fanatical, a disgraceful act?

Such an act, we believe, or something similar to it, has yet to be proclaimed through the length and breadth of this land. Will the generation that now stands upon the stage behold it? Shall our eyes, which have been looking forward, and our hearts, which have been sighing for it, remain in the flesh to behold the consummation? Shall we have the happiness to witness any of those manifestations of gratitude and joy, which we read of as having taken place on the First of August in the West India Islands; when the newly emancipated bondman came together in solemn assemblies, with tears streaming from their eyes, and outstretched arms, embracing each other, to pour forth their thanksgivings to Almighty God that they had been spared until that day, and that their chains had been finally broken? My friends, it is to prepare the way for the consummation of such an event as this, that we are assembled here at this time. It may be remote in the distance—I wish we could hope it were nearer—but we come in faith and hope to cast, as it were, a pebble upon the tide, to throw a grain of sand into the scales, to hasten the event. Many arduous duties have got to be discharged before that anniversary can take place. All our heads and hearts have yet to be intensely interested in this subject. We must bear the scorn and resistance of the age bravely. We must long and anxiously resolve, in anticipation, the glory of the consummation hoped for. But where are the men and women who have the stability of soul to consecrate their lives to such a service as this? Think of the petty emotions of ambition that sway us. Look upon the turmoil, intrigue and violence of the political world, and see to what it all drives—Would not the positive emancipation of a single bondman be more glorious than all the results which are now aimed at?

And yet, if such a proclamation as this had been presumed upon by Zachary Taylor and his counsellors, I ask you to consider how it would have been regarded in this land. An act that would have done immortal honour to him and to them in all future time, an honour worthy of record in heaven itself,—how would it have been regarded in this country? How would it have been viewed by the political partizans of the administration? How would it have been hailed by the President's brother planters and politicians in Louisiana? In the present state of public sentiment should we have seen a general burst posed by the President, would not his chief men and counsellors at once have hooted at it? Would they not have deemed it the freak of a distempered brain, a thing impossible to be accomplished, utterly impracticable, unattainable, and ruinous to their prospects? O, yes; most ruinous to be righteous; most ruinous to pay a debt of long deferred justice!—Would it not have been accounted disgraceful and fanatical, to fill the whole land with rejoicing, and the whole world with admiration for such an act of mercy and justice?

Why is it so? Why are we so mean, so base, so destitute of the nobility of that higher nature which rejoices in the accomplishment of such results? Yet it has pleased our great Father to kindle a spark in the breasts of a few, to incarnate in a few pioneers the life of these sublime principles, to give them a firm and inflexible aim at this result, though it were to be reached through fire and water, or the flaming fagot pile itself. Are they not engaged in a noble work? Do you not feel it a reason for holy rejoicing that you have ever given any influence at all, that you have thrown a grain of sand into the scale of freedom? Is there a soul in this great congregation, under this lofty canopy, who is proud to have been indifferent to the Anti-Slavery cause? Are any of you proud to have hung back and hindered the efforts put forth to hasten the glorious day which is to be God's acceptable fast and jubilee? There are thousands whose bosoms expand, and whose hearts respond to the godlike conception of regenerating their race. They do not feel that they are mere porpoises on the surface of human existence, to roll over and over in its foaming surge, and the moment they chance to receive a wound, be mercilessly pursued by their fellows until driven ashore and left to rot upon the sands. But they have an immortal destiny before them, and if they supposed that this day of emancipation would be postponed a thousand years, still they would be proud to have their names recorded among those that hoped for it, that loved it, and that were ready, if need be, to die for it.

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who, on this jubilee and fast, does not rejoice in the remembrance of that testimony? Is there one that is ashamed of it? Is there one prepared to go back? Is there one that will not press forward with unfaltering zeal to the accomplishment of the enterprise? Let me assure you, friends, it is in the power of every individual, even the humblest among you, to contribute something to this result. There is not one old man or woman, one of middle age, or a youth, not even a child, who cannot work effectively in this cause. We have in this movement no selfish objects to gain—no axes to grind, but the grand battle-axe of truth and righteousness; we have no paltry political offices to seek, for we seek the honour that comes from God alone; we seek the honour which posterity will freely accord; we seek to inscribe our names in the long catalogue of the crucified and suffering for humanity's sake. That is honour enough, glory enough, happiness enough. Who is ashamed of this cause? Who is weary of this work? Let us, with renewed vigour, press onward to our desired triumph.

Alas! what a spectacle have we in the far-famed "apostle of the temperance cause," who really feels that it would degrade him to appear on this platform, because, forsooth, he is a Catholic priest—a priest of that ancient church which boasts of being founded upon a rock—and because he is engaged in the temperance reformation. As if making a man *sober*, and making him *free*, were not doing twin acts of righteousness, both alike honourable, only the latter more glorious than the former; as if, indeed, because he is going down to those Southern plantations, with his temperance pledge, he cannot stand upon this platform, every inch a man, and bear the same testimony against Slavery which he so boldly uttered three thousand miles off?

My friends, I am no teetotaller by latitude and longitude. I am no Abolitionist by latitude and longitude, by sect or party. On this platform, and on every other platform, with the editorial pen, or with the working-man's spade in my hand, I am ready to avow these principles among friends, and among enemies, without fear, favour, or compromise; and whoever will turn *them* out of doors, may turn me out for the sake of them. (Applause.)

Are we to be ashamed, I repeat, of that which can only reflect honour upon us to all posterity? And even if our name were buried in utter oblivion, what of it? The thought that the right is to triumph over the wrong; that this long line of crucified saviours, and of starved and neglected labourers for humanity, are finally to win the victory; this is enough Let us work, brothers; sisters, let us work. Ye that stand in the high places of the earth, if any such are here, oh, do not regard yourselves digraced by being the friend of the poor, unfortunate, stolen, robbed, wretched slave. Hold him your brother. It is noble to pity him. It is noble to plead for him. It is godlike to labour for his salvation. It is cowardly, dastardly, disgraceful, when he is fallen, to trample upon him; when he is helpless, to pluck the last hair as it were, from his head. And when you see a man acting this detestable part, will you take him by the hand, and say, "God bless you, my dear Sir, you have too much sense to care for a negro; and you are too wise and prudent to run mad with philanthropy." Alas! that for a little paltry pelf, or a little political preferment, men should sacrifice their fellow-creatures, forget their cause, and join with a herd of oppressors in trampling them undar foot? I want no honour of this kind; no promotion, no glory, except in doing that for which the whole earth can rise up and bless me. If I saw *you*, poor, friendless, wretched, in a land where all the force and arms of the nation were crushing you down; if you lifted up your hands for help, and I, though occupying a place of influence, though standing up as a minister of Christ, I would not plead for you, for whom the common Saviour bled and died, would you not loathe and abhor me? They who, having honour and station, will not freely sacrifice them for the sake of the oppressed, what are names are written in the sand to be obliterated forever, when the tide of moral revolution rolls over human corruption. Do you think that the names of our petty politicians, and scheming sectarian priests, are to live, and to be blessed? They are only making themselves a hissing and a by-word. Their honour and their glory, as I have said, is written in the sand, and its erasure is inevitable. If they had a guardian angel to warn them of their danger, he would tell them that if they regarded their own future reputation, to say nothing of principle, they should step forward and be among the foremost in this great work of rescuing the enslaved from their prison-house. But alas for them, they are blind to their own highest good.

Let us now turn to the President's actual proclamation, and see what it recommends:

"By the President of the United States—A season when the Providence of God has manifested itself in the visitation of a fearful pestilence, which is spreading its ravages throughout the land, it is fitting that a people'——

should do what? Repent? Standing immovable as he does on the necks of two or three hundred slaves, what would he have done? Here is a religion very much like George McDuffie's republicanism, who, with his foot on the negro's neck, treading him in the dust, threatened to die in the last ditch for liberty. (Applause.)

——"whose reliance has ever been this protection'——

Has it been in reliance on this protection, that he has been robbing and enslaving his fellow-creatures? Does he not profess to believe that "all men are born free and equal," and yet has he not fought to perpetuate a bondage, of which, Jefferson says, that "one hour is fraught with more misery than whole ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose"?

This is trusting in God's protection; is it?

——"should humble themselves"——

How are they humbling themselves now? If we go down to Virginia, shall we find the slaves freed to-day? If we could walk into the Southern houses of worship, should we find a single slave rejoicing in his emancipation, on this fast day? Under the broad canopy that covers these United States, could we find one slave freed in any State, in consequence of the proclamation?

Not one; not one; not a single one. A glorious fast this, to humble themselves for their sins, without so much as breaking the yoke from of the neck of a single slave!

[Mr. Garrison. They will make 200 more to-day, that will be born.]

——"should humble themselves before his throne, and while acknowledging past transgressions"——

What are these past transgressions? [*A voice.* The Mexican war.] Why didn't he say so, then? I think the Mexican war was one of those transgressions; Slavery, and the Mexican war to extend it, to spread it far and wide!

——"ask a continuance of Divine mercy,"——

If the Almighty were no better to them than their past confidence in and obedience to him would seem to deserve, the whole nation must soon experience the fate of Sodom. Here they are putting their confidence in Him, while still holding on to their giant sins; the multitude still basely consenting, in one way or another, to the iniquities of their principals.

"It is therefore earnestly recommended, that the first Friday in August be observed throughout the United States as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer."

Fasting for what? Humiliation for what? Prayer for what? Do you suppose that John M. Clayton, the President's prime minister, believed it would make one atom's difference in the ravages of the cholera, when he advised Zachary Taylor to issue this proclamation? Is there is a man, woman, or child, in this whole audience, who thinks that General Taylor or his Cabinet believed a single death by cholera would be averted by this fast? What does it all mean, then? [*A voice.* Political capital.] Political capital, is it? How long are you, my friends, to have the wool drawn over your eyes so that you cannot see? How long are you, here in Massachusetts, to be wheedled and made to believe that all things consist with religion and good government?

'All business will be suspended' ——

I wonder whether the slave auctions will be suspended. I wonder whether the whipping-posts will be deserted to-day. What do all these things mean? Will a nine-pence be sacrificed for the slave's good in honour of this fast? What will pious and devout slaveholders, or their apologists, or anybody that is afraid of their ill-opinion, offer at their altars but heartless words? 'All business will be suspended' in certain quarters, except plotting how to extend this great curse of Slavery, or by what new compromises the dominant party can keep in power.

'All business will be suspended in the various branches of the public service on that day, and it is recommended to persons of all religious denominations to abstain, as far as practicable,' ——

from what? From holding slaves? From assisting in promoting or upholding Slavery?

—— 'from secular occupations' ——

Was there ever such a humbug? No repentance to it, throughout! No reparation to it, throughout! It will be a disgrace to this nation in future times. [*A voice.* It is already.] I mean be a disgrace to this nation in future times by the common consent of the people, whose eyes are not yet opened as yours are.

—— 'and to assemble in their respective places of public worship' ——

It would be instructive to have Frederick Douglass here, to give us a sample of some Southern sermons that will probably be preached to-day from those texts which set forth that servants should be obedient to their masters. This is the sort of sermons that will be preached in Louisiana, Texas, and California too, perhaps, whither many slaves have lately been carried.

—— 'to assemble in their respective places of public worship, to acknowledge the Infinite Goodness which has watched over our existence as a nation, and so long crowned us with manifold blessings,' ——

in spite of our doing all we could to curse one another! How can such men appreciate those blessings, which they cannot begin to grant to their brethren? There seem to be some men who want all the love in the universe embodied in one stream of good, and that stream poured down immediately on their own blessed heads. Some have claimed to be Democrats Simon Pure, seeking nothing but the equal rights of all men; but in ascending the path of progress, if they looked around and saw a negro behind them, they could cordially kick him back, for fear that he should become their own equal! Religion, too, must be invoked, to spread over this abomination its silken mantle, that the Almighty may seem to lend it his sanction. Is there a man, woman, or child, here, who does not believe that God abhors it utterly? Certainly not, unless we have those among us whose God is worse than the slaveholder.

—— 'implore the Almighty, in his own good time,' ——

to do what? To do away any of these abominable and permanent evils? Not at all. Let them all go on. Let California be given over to Slavery. Let Cuba be annexed. Let the District of Columbia still maintain its slave-prisons and man-markets. Let the shrieks of scourged women and children ascend to heaven, day after day, and year after year. Glorious republic! God is good, and therefore does not sink us.

'I, the President of the United States, elevated to this office by the great Taylor Whig party, for having whipped ten times my weight of poor squalid Mexicans, in the cause of Slavery, must needs be as religious as my predecessors. I will summon all the sects in the land to meet together, and spread over me a broad white sheet of linen sanctity, that we may perpetrate, with more success than ever, those abominations which we have been so long impenitently committing.'

This is the real meaning of it. This is the inevitable result of it, so far as human wisdom goes. Does anybody in the President's cabinet propose to alter this state of things? Does anybody propose to himself the honour of freeing even the District of Columbia from Slavery? What are they proposing to do? To make sure of all the offices, and all the pelf! These, well secured, to the religion of the country must be made to say, 'God bless you, knaves.' Yes, religion must be invoked to spread a mantle of seeming purity over all systematic oppression and outrage on humanity. This is keeping, a true fast! This is averting the Cholera! From all such politics and religion, 'may the good Lord deliver us.'

I am very sure, my friends, that if I were in the place of the Almighty, it would be the last thing I should think of doing, to stay the cholera from a people who supplicated my interposition while holding with a death-throttle three millions of their fellow creatures, regardless alike of justice and mercy. I should want a little better evidence of their sincerity, before I paid any special respect to their prayers. I should insist that they took their feet off the necks of their slaves, and ceased from their inhumanity to man, as an indispensable condition of my interference in their behalf. God will not be mocked. Who, then, can look upon this fast as anything but a solemn mockery? Yet those who thus denounce it will be charged with being the enemies of religion and of their country; though, fifty years hence, the fact alleged will be undeniably obvious to all. Posterity will write it out in such a record that everybody will see it, and it will seem incredible that any one was ever besotted enough to make use of such a heartless show of national piety, for the accomplishment of nothing. We want justice before all things, though the heavens fall. We want mercy shown from man to man.

We want those who seek mercy from God, to show some merciful regard to their fellows. Let them do justice, and prove that they acknowledge a common Father and a common brotherhood. Let them evince that they have at least one spark of compassion in their own bosoms. Let them break the yoke of oppression from off their captives, and vouchsafe out of the spoils of ages the means whereby to reconstruct the manhood of those whom they have so long and dreadfully imbruted.

It is but little I can do. It is but little I can say But if ever I had a deep conviction in this soul of mine, this is the reason why it did not at once succeed. The fact is, I seem; harsh as may seem the words uttered by abler and bolder witnesses for truth than myself, the time is not far distant, when the record of this day's proclamation and transactions will be read in the histories of men with a blush of pity for those who could display such abhorrent inconsistency. The time will come, when men will admit the claims of justice; when they will demand mercy before sacrifice, and the working of righteousness as the sweetest and most acceptable of odors before the father of the universe.

Just imagine, as I have formerly seen, a man in his surplice, with his broad sleeves hanging down, sacerdotally praying solemnly to God,—for what? Confessing solemnly our sins,—for what? And that man owning a considerable number of slaves—unrequited toilers on his own plantation. With rhetorical solemnity and seeming holiness, he prays. Not the least shame crimsons his cheek, not the least confusion trembles in his tones. He is proud of this property in his fellow-creatures, made by the same God, and guilty of no offence, save that of a skin not coloured like his own; and that man in his time chaplain of a military institution, whose young men are taught to fight, if bidden, for the extension of American Slavery. And the people pay liberally for such services, for the maintenance of such institutions; and some of you, perhaps, are [illegible] academy than you do for half a dozen ordinary colleges.

But let me close by conjuring you all, my friends, to go forward—never backward. Make no compromises with the workers of these iniquities, Look as this cloven foot, and even when concealed under the name of religion, mark it. If in the guise of politics, mark it; if in the public mart, or wherever else you discover it, mark it, abhor it, disfellowship it; have no part or lot in any league against God and humanity. Stand up always for justice, for mercy, for the oppressed. And you will live, some of you, I trust, to see a proclamation issued more glorious than that which I have imagined; and then we will have a jubilee worth paying for. Then those who are now so bitter against us, shall crowd around this friend, [turning to Mr. Garrison,] and clasp him to their bosoms, with grateful veneration. Zachary Taylor himself, with the sturdiest of his pro-slavery allies, shall say, with conquered hearts—'We fought you long and hard to stave off the day of emancipation, to obstruct eternal justice, but you have triumphed; our eyes are opened; the slaves are free; we too are free; therefore with you and them, we will be glad of the glorious issue.' (Applause.)

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I am sorry, friends, that I am not well enough, today, to address you. The only reason I came to Worcester was, I was not willing that any one should have it in his power to say, that speakers were announced, and then not present. But, out of many, you will not be surprised if some are detained, or some are ill.

This is Zachary Taylor's fast for the cholera. If the Lord has sent the cholera here for any sin, I suppose the great sin of the American people is Slavery.—Those who feel guilty of it may fast—I do not. To me, therefore, it is a feast, and not a fast. Let the sinners fast, the saints rejoice. 'Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung.' We have nothing to do with the great sin of the American people, for we have spent our lives in protesting against it.

Doubtless it would be well for the American people to fast, in sincerity, for this great national iniquity; but *we* have other employment more attractive, on this day, than to bewail the sins of the American people. These hours represent for us the greatest day in the sweep of time; when nearly a million of fetters were stricken from human limbs; when, as Lamartine has so beautifully said, 'Wilberforce went up to the throne of the Eternal with a million of broken fetters in his hands, as evidence of a life well spent.' (Applause.) Such is the day we commemorate. This is *the* reform, the great Anti-Slavery reform, whose *fruits* we celebrate to-day.

The Anti-Slavery enterprise was the normal school of all reforms; it was the first effort of the English people to effect a great national change by moral means. This was the effort which first taught the people their strength. Previous changes had been wrought by Government,—few to be sure, and insignificant, and in the wrong direction,—by the higher classes struggling for their own rights,—by violent means; and just so far as they 'took the sword,' relied on violence, these had been failures. West India emancipation is the civic crown which the British middle class wins for its brow—wins by no official influence—not by wealth—not by party organization—not on the battle-field; but by leavening slowly, and in patient faith, the public mind with the truth. Wilberforce and Clarkson *re-educated* the British people. It was the school-boys of 1787 (the year they began) who, in 1833, pronounced the emancipation of the Islands. Over Parliament, and not through it,—in spite of office and noble,—by the press, by public meetings, by lives of self-devotion, by appeals to men who weighed nothing singly, but were mighty in masses, they gained day by day on the giant evil, as the gnawing ocean gains on the strand; and like that, never lost an inch once theirs. 'Nothing permanent was ever done by violence,' said Napoleon from St. Helena. Never since the establishment of Christianity have men set purposely to work on the plan of the first Abolitionists. Their entire, triumphant, unequalled success is the motive, while their course is the example, and their veterans often the leaders, in the reforms which have since been effected, and those which are now in progress abroad. The Anti-Slavery cause heralded the way, and formed the soldiers for these. The hour of its triumph was the first time that the heart and thought of the common people had been markedly and peaceably felt in that Government. Their hands were felt at Naseby. In 1834, you heard their hearts beat.

Our friend Parker said, with a great deal of truth, that the Anti-Slavery sentiment of Great Britain was often exaggerated; that some seemed to suppose, very erroneously, that it embraced all classes in Great Britain. He was undoubtedly right. The nobility, the high-church, conservative, pro-slavery party in the House of Lords and the House of Commons, were active, powerful, overwhelming. I doubt whether they had not, to the last, if not a majority, at least a very large minority of the English people upon their side.

It was, at last, the earnest, God-fearing men treading down the craven, afraid of ashamed, in the 19th century, to act out the opinions he was not ashamed to hold. Certainly, he was correct, too, in saying that the Anti-Slavery enterprise was different in England from what it is here. Still, my opinion is that, taking all things into consideration, emancipation, though a different work, was not, in any great degree, an easier one there, than it may be here. They had some aid we want, but again, they lacked many advantages we possess. Certainly there was great truth in his remark, that if you now stir in England the rights of her lower classes, you are met as fiercely as we are here on this slave question. He might even have gone further, and have said that many of those who had borne the burden and heat of the Anti-Slavery day, would be among your sternest opponents. There was truth, enough to make it a libel, in Byron's petulent cry, when pleading, vainly, for the weavers, 'O! that my clients were *black*, then they'd get a hearing!'

If I recollect right, our friend thought that the English people would not have so soon abolished Slavery, if the slave had been in their island. I have no doubt that it is true. If the slave had resided in London, if the slave had been in the county of Kent, the enterprise would have been more exactly like ours. Still, if the slave at a distance is some advantage it has its disadvantages also. They had their Latimer, but no William and Ellen Crafts, no Box Brown. This irresistible appeal to that *sentiment* which Mr. Parker made the first wave of the agitation, was, from the nature of the case, impossible, or nearly so. Again, the situation of their slave population was such, that they had no Douglass, and could hardly have had one. Besides, even if the slave himself was in the West Indies, the *slaveholder* was in the House of Commons. When the Abolitionists argued the question, they argued it with slaveholders for their direct personal opponents; much of the wealth of England was pledged to that side. The plantations of the West Indies were owned in the House of Lords, and that of the Commons. Some of these owners—to the honour of England be it spoken—stood by the Abolitionists, though they were not Abolitionists in our sense of the word, and not, I think, in any proper sense, for they did not free their slaves. The illustrious head of the House of Fox was possessed, at the commencement of the emancipation movements, of West India property, and yet stood side by side with the Anti-Slavery Lords, and was actively engaged with the Anti-Slavery committee in behalf of their enterprise. True, English Slavery was abolished in spite of the *West Indians;* still, the law which abolished it passed through two Houses, which, like our own, contained many slaveholders.

It is common to say, the Anti-Slavery success of Great Britain was easier earned than we can expect to have it here, because Parliament had sovereign power over the colonies. As if the Parliament of Great Britain was not, at that time, itself, as pro-slavery a body as our Congress. The North is to abolish Southern Slavery by the same means, at the same odds; has over the subject generally the same power as the freedom-loving dissenters and churchmen of Great Britain had over the Islands. To be sure, the North has not the same technical legal powers, but law forms are only parchment. Hearts, Thoughts, Dollars, Truth, rule the world. Give the American people, give the North, the *wish*, and any unprincipled Democrat or Whig (perhaps the adjective is superfluous) will find the *way*.

Great as was the political and official influence brought to bear against the movement, it is cheering to observe the marked contrast between the conduct of British statesmen and that of the little men here who claim that title. From 1787 down to 1833, no man there, blessed with a name which has any claim to live, dared to go down to his grave without leaving on record his protest against this iniquity. The Anti-Slavery vocabulary culls its most forceful expressions from the most eloquent lips of St. Stephens. To number up her champions were only to read the list of the tenants of Westminster. There is no time, here, to analyze the reason why it did not at once succeed. The fact is, I believe, as I state it.

Beside the devoted and religious supporters, it counted as its own the matured wisdom of Burke—the sincere aid of Pitt—the hot, impatient eloquence of Fox. It caught the eye of Brougham, in the flush of his youthful ambition—gathered McIntosh and Romilly in its train—had the first fruits of the soon to be overwhelming influence of O'Connell. Tory and Whig, Bishop and Radical, (except Cobbett and Thomas Paine,) Scotch and Irish, the slave gathered his host from all. Who gleans from the ashes, now, the names of those who maligned him? If they live, it is like the fly in amber; because to have once abused Wilberforce is fame—of a sort.

There were no Winthrops, no Websters—doing, with hands which their employers hope New England will count as clean, dirty work—that people may be deluded into supposing it not dirty, because they do it.

Princes of the blood—like Clarence, afterwards William IV.—might call Wilberforce 'a gray-haired fanatic;' but Nature's nobles, destined to live, not in the Peerage, but in Macaulay, took care to sail down the tide of time as close to that gallant vessel as they could.

I need not enlarge on the contrast here. Pulpit, party, character, intellect, all offered so lavishly on the altar of Slavery! New England may be said to be now [illegible] camp-meeting and half counting-house. On one side, your voice is drowned by the clinking of dollars; and lost, on the other, in the howl and whine of sanctimonious fanaticism. And, *while you remember the slave*, nothing can you see in either to redeem its ugliness. There Art contributed its magic charm; Poetry its noblest pulses; and here we cry 'equal,' for we count Whittier and Lowell ours. Literature gave her calm weight. There eloquence never prostituted itself to win back Madison Washington to chains, nor pledged its awkward gun and knapsack to the slave tyrant, with devil-quoted scripture for warrant. There Wealth gathered a million of dollars to secure Wilberforce's return for Yorkshire—Trade lavished its gains like water for the bondman—and Religion covered, from charitable eyes, the many sad rents in her garments, by a sincere, untiring and most devoted zeal for the oppressed.

There is one great, and, I confess, most important support to the slave system in this country, which was wanting in England—social prejudice against colour. This is, to be sure, a most important item to show that Mr. Parker's estimate is, in a degree, correct. South Carolina is, in one sense, as dependant on Massachusetts as Jamaica upon England. That important State 'wastes, to be sure, a great deal of very excellent indignation' on this subject. Still, while she can 'say her little speeches, and move her little motions,' it is Northern mind that rules this land—Northern enterprise has subdued its millions of acres. It is Northern reputation that gives weight to our public acts. It is Northern trade, Northern commerce fills our treasury. It is Northern voice that is to pronounce the end of Slavery.

Unhappily, this whole Northern mind is tainted with prejudice. Mighty is our work to exorcise this foul spirit. Still, we stand buttressed up, cheered on, to our work by that overwhelming public sentiment of Christendom, which the half century of labour and sacrifice of our English fathers has created. They stood alone, the dark prejudices of ages lowering over their pathway. Now, our allies are the deepest pulses of all Christendom, the blessed memory of the departed, the voices of those

'——Dead, but sceptred sovereigns,
Who still rule our spirits from their urns.'

The world is our jury and we indict the cowering slaveholder before it. The jury they empannelled for us. Besides, have they not gained for us the mighty vantage ground of *this day*, eloquent of so much appeal, and full of so much argument to all classes?

Does not the very prejudice, which he at once astonishes and surmounts, give some additional weight and effect to the eloquence of Douglass? It is one of a despised race, whom they are hardly willing to reckon men, that thunders and lightens, and shakes all Christendom! Were there time, perhaps I could show therefore, that even with this obstacle in our way, we have means, on these accounts, and in our state of society, religious habits, omnipresent press, and form of government, which leave us even with our English predecessors.

Doctor Channing said, in one of his later tracts on Slavery, speaking of the relation of the North to the slave system, 'We are the jailors and the constables of the Institution.' Doctor Howe (a name never to be mentioned without honour) said in a letter to a recent English publication, 'The North are the jailors of the slave plantation.' Dr. Howe and Dr. Channing, and the thousands of Free Soilers that rally around the first of them, wish, or are willing, still to continue the jailors of the slave plantation, for what they, to be sure, think a good end. It is the fanaticism of this Society, that, beleiving with Dr. Channing and Dr. Howe, Northern citizens to be constables and jailors of this system, we have resigned our offices; we have relinquished the post; we have given up such connection with such a Government, even as a means to any end. God, we think, never asked us to be the jailors of tyrants, even to carry on his beneficent designs.

Well do I know that Dr. Howe never would lift the shadow of his little finger to return a fugitive from Massachusetts to the slave plantation. Well do I know that the fugitive slave would find no warmer welcome, no safer abiding-place, than under the roof-tree of that same Dr. Howe. But, fellow-citizens, there is something more needed to make Massachusetts a free State, than to proclaim that you have found out that we are the constables and jailors of the South, and to give an underhand, underground refuge to the slave. I dislike this whole manner of doing business. I go against underground railroads, I would not of preference, except by compulsion, even adopt the plan of old William Rotch, of New Bedford, of blessed memory, who kept a hiding-place always in his cellar or garret for the fugitive. I would not have a cellar nor a garret for such. I would, at least, be at liberty to place him in my parlor, and set the door open, and bid the thousands passing in the street to look in if they chose I would remind Daniel Webster that 'we are a law-adiding people,' and ask him to try it. (Applause.) I would pronounce that voice so decisively in the name of Massachusetts law, that the slave never sholud doubt his safety from the moment he touched the soil of the Bay State. I know that we are almost free. I know, to our honour be it said, that the slaveholder despairs of his fugitive, the moment he reaches old Massachusetts.

O, noble lawlessness! Christian trampling on majorities! Holy rebellion! But I want an organized rebellion. I want a legal rebellion. I want a recognized rebellion. I want a State rebellion. I want a legislative rebellion. I have no regard for what is called constitutional law. The day has gone by when the the Constitution was anything more than a roll of parchment, and we are continually paying less regard to it. Free Soilers tell us that they shall act without regard to it. Almost any man would deem it an insult to be told here, to-day, that he would return a fugitive slave to his master, that in this respect he would obey the Constitution of the United States. There is hardly a man who has been in the Legislative halls of this State for the last year, of any party, who would not deem it an insult to be told here, to-day, that in this respect he would obey the very Constitution of the United States which he solemnly swore to uphold and support.

Then, if this is so, why not make that *law* for Massachusetts? Why not pass it as a statute, and annul the Constitution of the United States? And if South Carolina says nay to it, you can plead her own example as precedent.

Why lie any longer bound by obligations which are fetters only to us, and weapons to our foes? Come, fellow-citizens, let us rise up, and make clean the statute book of fathers! What if this course be unconstitutional? We mean it to be so. We, too are living men, and can make Constitutions, as well as our fathers.

This is a great day, because it is the day on which England tried for us the experiment of freedom. I do not know but the larger part of my audience are acquainted with the circumstances of West India emancipation, but I do not believe that you have all reflected upon the complete proof which that experiment affords of the safety and duty of immediate emancipation; reflected that the experiment never can be tried again in such unfavourable circumstances as it was tried then. Men say it is not wise to free the slaves immediately. Men say it is not safe to free the slaves immediately. Men say that a great political revolution like that must take half a century for its accomplishment—that it cannot be done in a single year, or a single generation.

Now the slaves in the West Indies were about 830,000 in number. There were about 130,000 whites in those islands. There were nearly fen blacks to one white in some of them. In one small island, there were three hundred blacks to two white men. In Jamaica, there were ten blacks to one white man. Those islands were 4000 miles from the civilization, and order, and government of Europe. If the black man had risen in his strength; if he had remembered for one moment the centuries of oppression which he had suffered; if he had wished to revenge the wrongs to which he had been subjected; long before the tale could have been told in Europe, the white race might have been trodden down under the very feet of the people of the West Indies. Without a weapon, they might have been trodden down by the masses of emancipated men, walking to the sea shore, and treading the puny pale face beneath their feet. Europe had seen one example of the lower classes, as they are called, emancipated from the weight of that calm, which keeps order among the chaotic elements of the Old World. Just across the channel, in the centre of Europe, in the midst of the civilization and overwhelming strength of the European governments, they had seen the French Revolution, seen the lower classes come up and literally make the streets of Paris run with blood to celebrate their Saturnalia. That was when the bayonets of Austria, Germany, Spain, England, were all in sight.

This experiment of justice was to be tried now with wholly uneducated race, ten times outnumbering their white oppressors, in islands thousands of miles off from the very possibility of hope or help. The First of August came. The slave,—rretted with the long delay, deceived again and again by promises of emancipation which had not been fulfilled by the trickery of the masters, who had once and again defeated the honest intentions of the British Government,—slowly saw this eventful sun abont to rise. The believer in justice; the believer in the safety of obedience to God's government, might well be allowed to tremble for a moment, though ever so sanguine, at such an hour. To the honour of the coloured race, to the hope of humanity, to the joy and gratitude of every believer in a just Ruler of the Universe, we are able to look back upon that eventful scene in the history of the race, and recollect that it was not sullied by one single act of vengeance; by one single expression of unkindness; by one single drop of bloodshed; when 800,000 slaves, which white malice and ingenuity and lust had done their utmost to imbrute, were made men in a day. Here and there was a regiment of British troops, it is true; but what were they to the proud force of 800,000 men in the first moment of liberty? Look at St. Domingo. How long did the veterans of Napoleon; how long did the choicest troops of the English government stand before 600,000 naked, unarmed Haytiens, when they were told at midnight, in the French Commissioner's affright that 'slavery, that they were freemen, and might defend themselves? How many of the English troops ever set foot again on the English strand? The same thing would have been repeated, if the slave had but dreamed for a moment of vengeance upon the First of August.

I say, nevermore can the experiment be so tried. Never again can such a conjunction of circumstances take place, when man can even plausibly distrust so much the policy of giving immediate freedom to masses of slaves. God seems to have given to us a nation, our beloved mother country, willing to believe that justice was expediency. He seems to have placed in its hands the problem in the ugliest shapes, and most dangerous of circumstances, and then to have blessed it to a most successful issue. The Anti-Slavery cause is deeply the debtor of this day for the proudest and noblest lesson humanity has ever learned, faith both in the white race and in the coloured.

It is a sad commentary upon such an event to look at the spirit with which it has been criticised. Almost every book which has been written referring to the subject, labours most as to the number of pounds of sugar, or hogsheads of rice, or puncheons of rum, the quantities of this thing or that thing that are exported. The West India experiment—was it successful? Ask the American clergy and people throughout. Oh, yes! And why? Because the exports did not fail! The slave *worked* on the second day of August! He went out to the plantation, and made as many sugar cane holes as ever! There is as much sugar in the Liverpool market from those islands as before they were freed!

As if there was nothing but sugar in God's world! As if man was made to work, and for nothing but work! As if the American people were to test a great moral event by hogsheads of sugar and puncheons of rum! I do not care whether the slave worked or not. I do not care whether the slave made one ounce of sugar or one pint of rum. It would not grieve me much to learn that he lay lazily under the graceful palm of his native land. I do not care much to know what he did. There is nothing worse than Slavery. If he did not cut his master's throat; if there is a white man living in Jamaica to-day, the experiment was successful. There is nothing but anarchy that is worse than Slavery. Tell me that anarchy does not exist in the British West Indies, and you tell me that the experiment has succeeded.

Some say that Hayti is a proof that emancipation will not do for the slave. Hayti has been alluded to often. It is a monarchy, they say. Grant it; so it is. It may be a despotism. What then? What is despotism? It is the baby step of civilization. Despotism is the first ground that man touches in his ascent from Anarchy to Liberty. Monarchy is the second step. Well; the Haytians have reached monarchy, and that is two steps from Slavery, which is nothing at all; nothing at all to the moral man; nothing but imbruting the intellectual nature of man. Grant that Slavery is abolished. The slave is a man, if he is not a Yankee; perhaps he will be a Yankee in time. If there is anything better than anarchy in the West Indies, there is something better than Slavery there. I say, therefore, that if the whole horizon of the British West India Islands have not been drenched with blood, the experiment of immediate emancipation of masses of slaves has succeeded. We may safely obey the commands in the chapter of Isaiah which has been read this morning to 'break every yoke,' God may be trusted. His word is sure, and the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Yet this godly people after a congregational model, could not trust the Almighty, unless there were as many puncheons of rum and hogsheads of sugar exported after emancipation as before!

Suppose that a man had met Sam Adams after the Revolution, and asked him how he had succeeded. Sam says to him, Look round on these thirteen free and independent colonies. But, says our friend, how are the stores on Long Island Wharf? Do they let for as much as they used to do in '65? Are you as rich as you were? Is your house in Beacon street, Mr. Hancock, worth what it was? This depreciated currency that I hear so much about; how is it as to that? Where is the industry of Massachusetts? At a discount. Where are your wharves? Grass-grown. Where are your people? Broken up in all their habits of industry; would be the answer. Where is your capital? Wasted. Where are your farms? Untilled. Where is Charlestown? Burnt. Where are your young men of twenty? 'Their bones lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia? Where is the garnered capital of the thirteen industrious colonies, the representative of the toil of six generations? Scattered, most of it, to the winds.

Ah, has the Revolution, then, been a failure? Was Sam Adams mistaken? Was John Hancock a fool? Were the men that went for a seven years' war, misguided, miscalculating fanatics? So ought the American newspapers to tell you now, when they ask us to prove the success of the West India experiment, by their exports; when they ask us to show, not that the slave is there, and the white man there, but that the farms are worth as much, that the cane is as fruitful, and that the docks are as full as they were before. Shame on such reasoners! It is a sad commentary on the spirit of the age,—the dollar and cent spirit of the age,—that the experiment of emancipation in the West Indies is judged of, always, by figures—by dollars and cents; not by the moral consequences; not by the rights regarded; not by marriage held sacred; not by the schools filled up; not by the books circulated; not by the women withdrawn from the cotton, and sugar, and rice field; not by the daughters kept at home to be educated; not by the children taken out of the cane-field, and sent to Sunday school; not by the coloured man, sitting in his own house, master of his little home, whatever it be; not by the self-respect you have called into being. These are the germs of civilization and prosperity, planted on the glorious First of August, 1834, and which the American people ignore when they would judge of the experiment, and only ask with the arrogant spirit of a white Yankee, whether business is as good; whether the banks paid as large a dividend; and whether plantations would sell for as large an amount as ever.

Now the fact is, that all this is true also. It seems as if by magic, that such results followed the beautiful self-sacrifice of the British people. It seems as if nothing was to be wanting to brighten this glorious page of disinterestedness, and to show the advantages of such a deed of benevolence; to round into poetic perfection this unique of History. Hence not only was the slave quiet, not only was injustice changed to justice, but there were actually as many ship-loads raised and exported. Not only was the negro brought to see and love the first, last, noblest greatest Sun that has ever risen on liberty and civilization,—to him literature as well as religion, the Bible,—not only was all this true, but also, the slave went to work.

John Joseph Gurney said, that, with the zeal of a Yankee, he put cane plants into the soil; he brought forth more sugar; he raised more rice. Every article of export is increased, except rum, and I do not know but that is, in itself, a sign of improvement.

I am told that you are going to have another to address you—[Voices—Go on.] Oh, no; you won't say go on, when you know who is coming after me—and I will hasten to a conclusion.

This is looked upon as a great effort in the British people. Undoubtedly it was. But Slavery in this country, strong as it is, is nothing compared with the energy of the American people; nothing at all. Twelve hundred millions of dollars, I know, are lending to Slavery their influence I know that the politics of the country are mortgaged to the slave system. I know that the Northern Church is infected to the core. The literature of the country is prostituted; I confess it. The education of the country is qualified by this Pro-Slavery sentiment; I know it. But nobody has seen yet the mighty energy of a *free people*. Monarchs have done a great deal. Despotism did a great deal when it built the pyramids. The English have done a great deal, with their half-way freedom, in commerce, manufactures, and enterprise of different kinds But government is a different thing here. There is no such thing as government here. Every man, like Harry Wynd, fights on his own hook. Every man labours on his own hook. There is in the old governments of Europe an energy of the upper classes, and added to that, just so much energy as those upper classes can grind out of the reluctant toil of the lower classes. But here, thank God, there are, in many senses, no lower and no upper classes. Every man works for himself, and the government is the combined energy of twenty millions of individual men; not bodies to count one in a census—but souls, to struggle in God's work or a bad work. 'There are sixty thousand souls in Paisley,' said one. 'Then you count a soul to each body,' was Wilson's or Hogg's reply. Here you may truly count a soul to each body, when you speak of energy and work.

Men are still wonder struck, and hesitate how to explain France, under Robespierre and Napoleon, smarting from such a revolution, heaving with intestine commotion weak after so much bloodshed, poor after such a bankruptcy, puts forth, so almost gaily such efforts as struck down all the old landmarks of Europe, and left nothing but England and Russia for French waves to break upon Burke said, when he looked on her, 'She is henceforth blotted out of Europe.' Lo! a moment, and she swallows all Europe, or rather holds it in her lap. Neither Burke nor any one else had seen before the might of a free people, a nation working, fighting for *itself*, the long and strong pull of men willing and agreed.

Look at California, and see how it is filling up It took the old fashioned Europe that we talk about, some fifty years to colonize this country, and then it was sparingly done. But now, America no sooner hears of California, than she pours out half of New England, and does not miss them. There is a nation already there, the offshot of the yet undreamed of energy of a nation that represents the individual arm and the individual heart of twenty millions of men, women and children. Now let such a nation as this wake up in its strength, let its priests preach righteousness, and its politicians keep still if they can't do better, and like the lion shaking the dew-drops from his mane, we will get rid of Slavery, and you shall never see the scar of it. Our children will forget, at once, the system and the efforts to remove it, it shall be so thoroughly blotted out from the midst of the American people.

Do not hesitate, therefore. Have no fear; no trembling; no quaking, or any trembling knees; as if this great people, these glorious States, were powerless—for they are glorious, with all their hypocrisy, their blood-guiltiness, and their indifference to the slave. We are still a noble people. All we want is to re-educate this slumbering conscience. Show them Slavery, and their duty to get rid of it, and they will spring to the work with all the convulsive energy of a people waking new and fresh to their duties.

And who will do it for you? Any of the little insignificant men that crowd Anti-Slavery platforms and hold Anti-Slavery meetings? Oh, no! Go home; make Anti-Slavery to be everything, a reality; and I will find you the men. You shall have the most eloquent tips, if you want [illegible] You come, and call for him, and you shall have Robert Winthrop for an Anti-Slavery lecturer (Laughter.) Go home, and call for him, and the mighty Daniel himself shall become a speaker for immediate emancipation; only set up a steeple where he can see the weathercocks setting North instead of South. These men dwell in so high and cold an atmosphere that the flood must be high indeed which wets their stony feet. Still you have it in your power to stir them up, by the energy of a free press and of a free people, and to call out all this God-given talent to do the work. Then we shall have a First of August when we may speak well of ourselves instead of the English, and we shall have feasts instead of fasts, from one end of the country to the other. (Applause.)

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ingly filled up and sent under the belief of the Department of State, that Rev. Mr. Williams was a white person.

R. S. CHEW.

A more striking case to illustrate the governmental policy than that of Mr. Purvis could not have been selected. This gentleman is all that Mr. Vaux said of him, and a great deal more. He will pardon us for such personal reference to himself, but it is proper to say that this man whom the Government of the United States would not recognize as a citizen of this country, except as a favour, is as white to the eye—if colour is the important point—as any member, probably, of General Taylor's Cabinet, or the General himself; of more highly cultivated mind than the most of them; and more intelligent upon all subjects proper to the education of a gentleman, with the single exception, perhaps, of the art of getting into office; an infinitely better member of society; a far more useful man in his day and generation; more respected by his immediate neighbours, and in every other respect a worthier and more valuable citizen. But, because some remote ancestor of his was of the African race—a fact that Mr. Purvis is not ashamed of, and which leads him, in spite of appearances, to identify himself with a race, with which he is so distantly allied—he is hardly acknowledged as a citizen of the United States, and only upon the supposition that he would not be known as a coloured man. Verily, the slaveholders know the value of an abstraction. The stain of African descent can never be washed from the blood lest the acknowledgement be forced from them that the negroes are men, and, as a necessary consequence, themselves brutes.

Mr. Wm. P. Powell has put into our hands a copy of a Passport which we mentioned last week, and which we should like to hear explained by Mr. Clayton. Here was a 'free man of colour,' of 'copper complexion,' and he is, we are informed, of mixed Indian and negro blood. He was presumed, probably, to be Indian alone, for it is not the colour, that makes the difficulty, but the blood. The imps of darkness themselves might become citizens of the United States, for which exalted station their moral character, at least, eminently qualifies them.

We copy Mr. Scott's Passport as a matter of curiosity:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

To all whom these presents shall come:

Description.	
Age, 47 years.	I, the undersigned Secretary of
Statue, 5 ft. 10 in.	State of the United States of America,
Eyes, black.	hereby request all whom it
Nose, large.	may concern, to permit safely and
Mouth, ordinary.	freely to pass George Scott, a free
Chin, ditto.	man of colour, of Indian descent,
Complexion, copper.	born in the State of Virginia, and
Face, oval.	in case of need to give him all

lawful aid and protection.

Given under my hand and seal of the Department of State, at the city of Washington, this fifteenth day of September, in the 68th year of the Independence of the United States.

A. W. UPSHER.

FATHER MATHEW.—MORE "DEVELOPMENTS."—The last No. of *The Liberator* contains a letter from Mr. Robert B. Rogers who details a conversation held with Father Mathew on the subject of the invitation to the Worcester meeting. Mr. Rogers had there heard the statement made by Mr. Garrison, and could scarcely credit it, so great was his reverence for the Apostle of Temperance. Partly persuaded that there must be some mistake about the matter he determined to seek an interview with the priest, and ascertain from his own lips exactly the truth. But we will let him tell his story in his own words:

—In pursuance of this determination, I obtained an interview with him. I commenced the conversation, by addressing him as follows:—'I presume, sir, you remember administering the pledge to Mr. White and myself, at Faneuil Hall, a few days since?' He replied—'Oh yes, dear, very well, very well.' I proceeded:—'I took the pledge from you, sir, believing it would give me some influence with a class of men, whom I had found it hard to reach in the temperance movement, and because I considered it a personal honour. I have since heard the report of the committee, appointed by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to invite you to attend the celebration at Worcester—to the effect, that you have left the position you once occupied with DANIEL O'CONNELL and the Anti-Slavery people of Ireland. If that report be correct, I can no longer esteem it an honour to retain this pledge.' Here Father Mathew exclaimed, 'No, no! I have not changed my views—I abhor Slavery.' I continued—'Sir, the committee report you to have said, that you did not wish to commit yourself; and, also, that the Scriptures contained no passage condemning Slavery.' Here Father Mathew observed, that it was all a mistake—that he had never said so. I expressed my pleasure at this declaration, and said, I would wish to retain the pledge, and that I should take the liberty to use his denial to my friends and to Mr. Garrison. When I mentioned Mr. Garrison's name, Father Mathew became much excited. He drew the pledge towards him, which I still held in my hand, saying, 'I did tell Mr. Garrison that I did not wish to commit myself. I did not intend to preach Catholicity—nothing but temperance.' 'But,' I asked, 'did you say that there was no passage in the Bible condemning Slavery—thus appearing to use the pro Slavery argument?'

After twice renewing this question, Father Mathew said—'Well, well; I did say to Mr. Garrison, that there was nothing specific in the Scriptures condemning Slavery.' I then told him, that was enough to show that he wished to be popular, and pass current with slaveholders. 'I therefore, sir, return the pledge; and in the name of DANIEL O'CONNELL, seventy thousand Irishmen, and the American slaves, I protest against the compromise you have made with woman-whippers and baby stealers.'

This, Father Mathew said, was an insult, and took hold of me by the arm. A man, who, judging by his costume, was a Catholic priest, then seized hold of my other arm, exclaiming, 'You must go!' I recommended Father Mathew to act like a Christian. The priest informed me, while pushing me towards the door, that if he had known my business, I should have had worse treatment. I told him I should give publicity to the affair.

Deeply grieved that the Apostle of Temperance should prove so recreant on this question, involving as it does the rights of man as well as the feelings of humanity, I remain,

Yours for the Slave.

ROBERT B. ROGERS.

The Conventions at Rome.

As our readers will remember the last week was the appointed time for the meeting at Rome of the Committee of the two wings of the Democratic party in this State, called with the purpose of compromising their difficulties and finding a common platform. We are happy to say that the platform was not to be found. The Barnburners having kicked the Hunkers out of doors were not disposed to let them in again unless they promised better behaviour; but the Hunkers with unparalleled impudence offered not to say anything about the past, and to let the Barnburners admit them back again into the party, if they would promise to let them—the Hunkers—do just as they had a mind. The Barnburners were very desirous of union, but they could not accept it on such terms. We give so much of the proceedings as is necessary to a thorough understanding of the matter. The first day was consumed in the appointment of Committees of Conference, and defining their duties in both Conventions. The first action touching the real question at issue, was the following correspondence which explains itself. The Free Soilers were in the Baptist church, and the Hunkers in the Presbyterian.

TO THE NEGOTIATING COMMITTEE OF THE CONVENTION NOW ASSEMBLED AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Committee appointed by the Convention at the Presbyterian Church in this place, to conduct the negotiation with you on the subject of union, with a view to unite and bring out the whole Democratic party, and thus to secure the ascendancy of Democratic principles, propose, on the part of the Convention for which they act, to waive all questions as to the regularity of the two organizations, and to pass over without remark the controversies of the last two years. We are also willing to agree to the adoption by both Conventions of such resolutions as have heretofore formed the Democratic platform, or as have been usually adopted by Democratic State Conventions previous to the recent divisions in the Democratic ranks. And in the result of our negotiations it is our wish to see such nominations made and agreed to by each Convention, as will be satisfactory to the entire Democracy of the State, and which would secure a Democratic triumph at the ensuing election.

But as the question of Slavery has recently become a subject of agitation in the Democratic ranks in this State, it must in some way be disposed of before we can hope for the restoration of harmony and good feeling among all the members of the Democratic party. The people of the North and of the South, as is well known, entertain different and adverse views to each other, and even among themselves on the subject of Slavery. It now is, and has for a long time been so; and while one region tolerates and the other prohibits Slavery, nothing like unity of views on this subject, among the members of the Democratic party of the whole Union, can be expected. There is no doubt that the general sentiment at the North is against the introduction of Slavery into territory now free. Yet as members of a political party we cannot admit that a concurrence in that sentiment should be considered as a Democratic principle, or be allowed to be made a test of Democracy in any part of the United States. And we are not willing that it should be so now.

The Democracy of New York is a part of the National Democratic party; which party can only hope to triumph by preserving its ranks unbroken throughout the entire Union. And this cannot be expected or even hoped for, if opinions upon the subject of Slavery are allowed to be made matters of party faith, or to form the basis of party organization, either at the North or the South. The Democracy of the United States, well knowing this, have at all times studiously excluded the subject of Slavery from their platform of principles, leaving every one to the enjoyment of his own opinions on that subject, and to act thereon as he should think proper, holding that a Southern man who sustained the institution of Slavery, was not for that cause less sound as a Democrat than a Northern man whose views were of an opposite character. These have always been the views of the Democratic party of the Union, and here we propose to leave all questions on the subject of Slavery.

If you concur with us in these views, holding that individual differences of opinion upon the subject in question must be allowed to exist, and that the opinion of no one on the subject can rightfully be called in question—as involving a departure from Democratic principles, or be considered a test of his Democracy, and are ready to act with us, upon that basis, in the support of the regularly nominated candidates of the Democracy of this State and of the nation, we are prepared to join in securing the formation of a State ticket satisfactory to both Conventions, and as we should hope to the Democracy of the State at large.

R. H. WALWORTH.
Chairman of the Committee.

August 16, 1849.

AUGUST 16, 1849.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE CONVENTION IN SESSION AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Committee of the Convention in session at the Baptist Church, say that last evening, at the first meeting of the committees, neither of them were prepared to make any distinct proposition to the other, and nothing was done further than to communicate on the part of our committee the resolution defining our powers, and the communication from your committee, by the verbal statement of its chairman, that you desired the negotiation and communications of both committees to be in writing. We have at the meeting this morning received a communication from your committee. Our committee are prepared to state in reply to your committee, that we are willing with a view to unite the Democratic party, to waive all questions as to the regularity of the two organizations, and to pass over without remark the controversies of the past two years.

We can say to your committee, that we adhere to all the established principles of the Democratic party, and are authorized to assure you that if the said conventions shall be found, upon a statement of the opinions of each, to agree in principle upon the questions relating to Slavery, we shall desire to unite—because we do not apprehend a difference upon other questions of principle—and to form a single state ticket of the whole democracy of this State, to re-organize by a single organization, and form one united party. We would remind your committee that our proposition was submitted to your convention upon the question of Slavery and the powers and duty of Congress on that subject in the territories, to which we would respectfully invite some action or expression of opinion on the part of your committee and the convention you represent.

We will report your communication to our convention for its action, and will be happy to receive any further communications you may have to make.

Very respectfully,
PRESTON KING, Chairman.

AUGUST, 16, 1849.

Gent:—From the tenor of your communication, we understand that you submit to our committee the resolutions passed by your convention, as your propositions of compromise; we have accordingly given to them our respectful consideration. In regard to the first and second of these resolutions, we presume that neither of them is disputed or denied at the North, and in regard to the last, and in fact upon the whole subject of Slavery, we propose to recommend for the adoption of our convention, the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we believe the people of the North are opposed to the introduction of Slavery into territories now free. That we deem it to be unwise and impracticable, and we cannot consent to make that question a party test, or to incorporate it as an article of the political faith of the democracy of this State.

We stated in our communication to your committee, to which we beg leave to refer, that it was impossible to expect anything like unity of views on the subject of Slavery, amongst members of the Democratic party—that it had never existed, and was never looked for, and that it was wholly unattainable. We propose to your committee, as a basis of union, wholly to discard that subject from the platform of democratic principles, leaving every one to the enjoyment of his individual views and opinions. We can act with democrats, whatever their views in regard to Slavery may be, if in other respects sound—and we regret that you have not thought proper to inform us whether you insist on the adoption of your views on the subject as a test of democracy—or a pre-requisite to union, and we desire to ascertain your views upon that point.

A state convention of those you represent, held at Utica in 1848, adopted on this subject the following resolution:

"Fourthly—although such are the opinions we entertain upon this important question, and which we feel it to be a conscientious duty to maintain to the utmost, unless convinced of their injustice and unconstitutionality, we have never sought to impose them on others. Still less have we made any acquiescence in our views of the subject, a controlling test in an election, as has been unjustly charged upon us. The annals of our party proceedings may be safely challenged, for the proof that such test has been advocated by us. We have neither made such a test, nor will we submit to it, when made by others; nor can the democratic masses of the State be induced to sustain those who do neither."

In the spirit and sense of the Utica resolution above set forth, we have submitted to your committee the foregoing modification of the last resolution of your convention—and if your committee shall agree with us in that proposition, we will recommend it for adoption to our convention.

R. H WALWORTH,
Ch'n of the Committee.

THURSDAY, Aug. 16, '49.

GENT:—In your second communication, you submit a substitute for the resolutions sent to your convention yesterday. You will perceive that our powers over the subject are limited. We propose, therefore, immediately upon the assembling of our convention, to submit your proposition for their action. You also state that we have not thought proper to inform you whether we insist on the adoption of our views upon the subject of Slavery as a test of democracy or a pre-requisite to union. The resolutions submitted by our convention are silent upon the subject of a test, and in our opinion propose none. The action of each convention, is, in our judgment, necessary to determine what is a pre-requisite to union.

Very respectfully,
PRESTON KING.

After the reading of this correspondence between the Committees, the following Resolution was offered and finally adopted by the Barnburners:

Resolved, That the committee appointed to negotiate with a committee from the other convention be instructed to deliver to that committee with a request to present the same to the body, it represents, the following communication from this convention.

The Democratic Convention, assembled at the Baptist Church in this village, unwilling to dissolve without further effort to effect the object for which they were delegated, respectfully submit to the Democratic Convention assembled at the Presbyterian Church, the following propositions and invitation.

Satisfied that the resolutions yesterday adopted and communicated by this convention to your body are sound and democratic in principle—confident that they are the sentiments of a great majority of the people of this State, and especially of the democratic party, regarding the public avowal by the representatives of the democratic party of this State at this time, as essential to the best interests of the country, and believing that the election of democratic candidates to the State offices cannot be secured, even upon a united action of these two conventions, without a distinct announcement of the principles of these resolutions, this convention feels constrained to insist upon them as a frank expression of the views entertained by the great body of the democratic party of this State. It regards the expression as alike due to the party in this State—to their brethren in the Southern States, and to the world, that there may be no concealment of the real sentiment of the people on this subject.

While they are thus tenacious on this point, they are free to say, that they propose it as no test of any man's individual democracy, or as his right to membership and association with the party. Each individual may and of necessity must entertain such opinions as his judgment dictates. Perfect freedom of individual opinions constitutes the very basis of democracy, and this convention while it feels it a duty to express those principles in accordance with those of the party it represents, does not take upon itself to deny any man's right to association with the democratic party for a difference in opinion upon this or any other point. Each individual must judge for himself with which of the two great political parties his convictions lead him to associate.

Having formed his steady attachment, he is bound in good faith to carry out its measures so far as they may be entrusted to his action though entirely free to hold his own opinions, and by propagating them, to endeavour to direct the action of his party to the accomplishment of his favourite measures.

When a candidate for public office, the political opinions of every individual become proper subjects for canvass, and he can hardly hope success, whose views are not in conformity with those of the majority of the party from whom he expects support. Under the explanation of the position held by this Convention, it now tenders to the other Convention an invitation to assemble together in one common Convention, adopting the distinct expression upon the subject of Slavery, and leaving all other subjects, upon which they apprehend no disagreement, to the action of the united Convention.

If this invitation shall be accepted, the members of this Convention will be prepared in their joint action, with those of the other, to make the most liberal concessions upon any other matter of detail in the business which may occupy the attention of the united Convention, and to unite with them in cordial harmony, in the support of democratic men and measures, without regard to the past.

To which the Hunkers responded as follows:

Resolved, That as the convention which meet in the Baptist Church, in their last communication to this convention, reiterate and insist upon a concurrence in the last of the three resolutions passed by them, and as this convention cannot accede thereto, nor go beyond the proposition already submitted by our committee of conference, and which has not, as yet, been distinctly accepted or rejected, it is inexpedient, until an agreement shall have occurred, to entertain any proposition to meet in joint convention.

Resolved, That the President be requested to communicate these resolutions to the Convention now in session at the Presbyterian church.

The following Resolution was added as an amendment:

Resolved, That in regard to the resolutions last received from the Convention assembled at the Presbyterian Church we respectfully reply, that while we concur in so much of said resolutions as express opposition to Slavery, we cannot accept them as a *full* expression of our sentiments on that subject; and that as so much of said resolutions as relate to political tests and rules of party action, we refer to our communication of yesterday as containing our opinions on those subjects.

This was responded to in this very perfunctory manner:

Resolved, unanimously. That this Convention decline to concur in the resolutions last received from the Convention held in the Baptist Church, and that our President be requested to communicate this resolution to the other Convention, and at the same time to inform them that having no further business before us, we will adjourn sine die, unless they have some further communications to make.

The Barnburners then wisely

Resolved, That this Convention has no further communication to make to the Convention now sitting in the Presbyterian church.

Resolved, That the President of this Convention be requested to communicate a copy of the foregoing resolution to the other Convention.

And after the appointing a Committee to prepare an Address and the passage of some business resolutions, this Convention adjourned *sine die*. The Hunkers followed their example, after the passage of the following declaration:

This Convention having exhausted all honourable means to conciliate and harmonize the differences which have unfortunately distracted the democratic party, and the Convention at the Baptist church having rejected the overtures made to them with a view to secure that object, and this Convention having thereby failed to accomplish a result so anxiously desired by the great body of the democracy throughout the state, it is now compelled to adjourn without having been able to establish a reunion; therefore be it

Resolved, That we appeal to our brethren throughout the United States in behalf of the sincerity and earnestness of our exertions to heal existing dissensions, and we cordially invite all true democrats, whatever may have been their former differences, to lay them aside and unite with us upon the principles declared by this Convention.

J. M. Barrett.

Barrett is still in prison awaiting his trial. What he has to hope from any interference of the Federal Government in his behalf may be seen by two letters which are published in the *Spartanburg Spartan*. That paper says:

We publish for the information of our readers the copies of two letters from Washington, in relation to "incendiary publications." The first is a reply, to Simpson Bobo, Esq. who is counsel for Barrett and Post Master at Hurricane. The second is from the Post Master-General, to Maj. Legg, Post Master at Spartanburg, C. H. concerning his arrest, and his declining to deliver letters in his possession, to any but those to whom they are directed, or their order,

P. O. DEPARTMENT.
APPOINTMENT OFFICE,
July 24, 1849.

SIR—In answer to yours of the 10th, you are informed, that attempts have been made in Congress, to pass laws to prevent the circulation of what was termed "incendiary publications," but no such law was ever passed. The Postmaster General is therefore powerless in the matter, and must leave the whole subject to the discretion of Postmasters, under the authority of the State Governments.

Very Respectfully yours, &c. &c.
FITZ HENRY WARREN.
2nd Asst. P. M. Gen.

To SIMPSON BOBO, Esq.
P. M. Hurricane, Spart. dist. S. C.

P. O. DEPARTMENT.
July 30, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 11th inst. informing me of your imprisonment by the authority of South Carolina, for declining to deliver a letter, which you held as Postmaster, to any one but the person to whom the same was addressed or to his order, was duly received.

As the matter now stands it would seem to involve a question of law, and, possibly, a conflict of jurisdiction proper to be settled by the legal tribunals. It has therefore been referred to the Attorney General of the United States who will communicate to you the proper course to be taken on the subject.

I am Sir, very respectfully,
Your humble servant,
J. COLLAMER,
Postmaster-General.

To GEO. W. H. LEGG, Esq.
P. M. Spartanburg, C. H.

"Candour," says the *Charleston* (S. C.) *Mercury* referring to these letters, "compels us to say, that this looks like a desire on his part (the P. M. General) to do even-handed justice in the premises, under his own construction of his duties." And as the Mercury is easy, the South may go to bed in peace, satisfied that everything is done that can be, and that they may hang Mr. Barrett according to law, if they are so minded. How that gentleman himself looks upon his misfortunes we learn from a *letter* to his father which is published in the *Cincinnati Globe*.

SPARTANBURG, S. C. July 22, 1849.

MY DEAR FATHER: You have been but too correctly informed by the newspapers. I am indeed in prison and would have informed you sooner, but how could I pain your kind heart by the sad news. Oh! with a father's tenderness you reared me and have loved me, and in your old days I have brought sorrow and affliction upon you. It pains me, my father, it pains me to my heart's core. You say in your letter to the Clerk here, that I left you with a character untarnished. My father you will believe me, you will love me, let the world say what they will of me—I have committed no crime, been guilty of no deed that ought to bring reproach or censure upon any one. No, I, for whom you feel so much solicitude, although I am in prison and may never see you again in this world, have not stained your name with infamy by the commission of any crime. I am charged here with having circulated *Abolition documents*. Now my father you will believe me, I have circulated *no documents* of any kind in the State of South-Carolina, nor violated any law of the State, so far as I know. Bear it in mind that I tell you so, and although death may close my eyes in eternal sleep before I ever see you again, when you shall hear that appearances are against me, and see my name aspersed in the public prints, remember what I told you and treasure in your heart that I am innocent—that I am the victim of the schemes, misconduct, and infatuation of others, and that I now suffer for what others have done, and for which they ought to be responsible.

My story is simply this; I came here as an agent of E Harwood & Co. of Cincinnati, to procure materials for publishing a Gazette. I came here in the early part of the season intending to go North as the weather grew warmer, and finally around to our old home in Virginia—thence to Cincinnati and to Dublin. I found documents afloat in the State which were obnoxious to the people, and which gave me some trouble, as people suspected me of having some connection with them. But knowing myself clear of their circulation, I felt no fears and proceeded with my labours. I came to this place with an anxious heart, for I had written to Sarah and expected an answer at this place from one whom I tenderly love—my dear sister. As soon as I had taken lodgings at a hotel, the people came upon me with two letters, one from Dublin, which I was much pleased to see, but on opening it, oh, Srrah! it pained me, it was not from you. Why did you not, my dear sister, write me a simple letter as I requested. Then perhaps might I have escaped this prison. But I don't blame you in the least—nor do I blame Mr Johnson, for I know he intended no harm, but his letter injured me. The other letter was anonymous and contained a few Nos. of this same obnoxious document, which the writer requested me to circulate. It was enough—the people were excited, and threw me into prison instantly—where I have since remained. (This was on the 8th of June.) Since then other documents have been sent me, making the same request. The documents were all closely enveloped addressed to persons in the State, and I was requested to drop them into Post-Offices along my way. Thus I was made to circulate them without knowing what they were. But I did not circulate any of them. The first that came to me was at this place, and there is perhaps nothing in the law against me, at least the attorneys I have employed, and my own judgment is, that there is little or no chance of convicting me. I can prove by my employers what I came here for, and if I could find the man who sent me the documents, which I may yet do, that they were sent to me without my knowledge or consent. And this ought certainly to set me clear—especially since they can have nothing against me but vague circumstances. The people are excited however and it will be hard for me to have a fair hearing. The penalty is one thousand dollars fine and one year's imprisonment in the county prison. I can be bailed out at one thousand dollars, and this must be in cash deposited here.

Thankful for Small Favours.

"We are glad Mr. Hilliard, (of Alabama) is re-elected because he was the more moderate and less ultra of the two candidates of Slavery Extension in the field, and because he was opposed solely on the ground that he had not gone far enough in resisting the Wilmot Proviso, and threatening disunion if it should be enacted. On other subjects he and his rival occupied the same ground; but on the question of Slavery Extension, Mr. Pugh took up a position several degrees south of Mr. Hilliard, was a candidate on that ground expressly, and because of it received the entire Locofoco vote. Therefore we rejoice over Mr. Hilliard's re-election. Have we not good reason?

Certainly *The Tribune* is thankful for the smallest possible favours. This Hilliard, over whom that paper rejoices, who was a Whig member of the last Congress, and is re-elected to the next, was the author of the atrocious proposition made last winter, that all the habitable parts of New Mexico and one half of California be ceded to Texas, that the question of the prohibition of Slavery might be dodged, and the system itself secured a new asylum, large enough to last it for a century or two to come. We should like to see an honest man face a crowd and argue that that was better for the slave than a dissolution of the Union.

JOSEPH BARKER.—Most of our readers will remember the honourable mention made by our Dublin Correspondent, R. D. Webb, of this English Reformer, and those of them to whom he is personally known, will be glad to learn of his arrival in this country. He proposes to remain several months, and will pass most of the time in the Western States, in the examination of lands and localities, with a view to a future permanent settlement in this country with a colony composed mainly of his own class. We bespeak for him the hospitality and kind attentions of our friends who may happen to meet with him. The section of country that shall eventually count him and his companions as among its citizens will be a fortunate one. Probably no other man in England exercises a wider influence there among the labouring classes, and should he remove to the United States, he will not fail to make himself felt in the wider field opened to the exercise of his energy and talents.

☞ To some of the readers of the *Standard* the present No. of the paper will be as a tale twice told, as we copy so largely from last week's *Liberator*. Those who do not see that paper will thank us for copying the admirable report of the admirable speeches made at the Worcester Festival.

A letter from our Boston Correspondent intended for this No. we are obliged to postpone till next week. It was two days on the road hither, and consequently did not reach us till we were about going to press.

To Correspondents.

P. A. C. Yours, to-be-sure; and placed it accordingly, though everything was grist that came to the mill that week.

R. D. W. Will know, by this time, that we had received and remitted the sum from D. before his last letter reached us. The volume we had also sent by a friend who sailed a few days since for London.

E. G. Package at 21.

G B. The 'P.' has not yet arrived, but the case shall be attended to at the proper time.

C. M. B. Had you sent the notice by letter instead of trusting to our seeing it, their would have been neither seeming nor real neglect.

S. P. It is to select one name from several on a ticket and vote for that alone; and is esteemed the most decisive testimony of the personal popularity of a candidate.

Reviews.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW. *July.* L. Scott & Co. *Fulton st.* We should have earlier noticed the receipt of this No. of the *Edinburg*, which has been issued a couple of weeks, and is much sought for for a fine review of Macaulay's History, and a paper upon Austria and Hungary. We have seen nothing which gives so clear a statement of the Hungarian question as the latter, which treats it in that liberal spirit which we always look for in this Review, and sets forth, in the light of history, in the clearest manner the right of the Hungarian cause. It must needs do much to direct public sympathy for that noble people, in this country as well as England, and those who are yet in doubt, or in ignorance, of the merits of the question should avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the Messrs. Scott's reprint to gain a knowledge of the causes of the most interesting and important struggle now going on in Europe.

The reviewer of Mr. Macaulay gives him the first place among English historians. Regarding his great work as calculated to do away with certain political notions which have long obtained in England, the purpose of the writer is to set forth the philosophy of Mr. Macaulay's History, rather than, as has been the case with other reviews, to give a synopsis of the long train of events of which it treats. It is a brief reply also to Mr. Croker's review which appeared in the last number of the *London Quarterly*, and attests most conclusively to the truth of the remark of the poet Rogers that the writer in the Quarterly "in attempting murder had committed suicide."

In addition to these valuable and interesting papers the Edinburg contains the following articles: Transportation as it now is; Shakspeare's Critics; De Tocqueville's Reign of Louis XV; Dennis's Etrusia; Free Trade; Corpus Ignatianum; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton: King Arthur; and Tyndale's Sardinia.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. *July. L. Scott & Co.*—*The* article of the *Westminster*, also, is one upon Hungary. It enters largely into historical detail; and is a concise relation of the events of the war up to the time of its publication. The Poems of Tennyson are reviewed by an enthusiastic admirer of one of the best known and most popular of contemporary English poets in this country; and the No. offers beside an attractive Table of Contents in papers upon Mr. Layard's Assyria; The Literature of the Middle Ages; Botany; Earthquakes in New Zealand; Freehold Assurance and Colonization; Louis Napoleon; and the usual critical and miscellaneous notices of Foreign Literature.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY. *July. L. Scott & Co.* We have had time only to glance at the pages of the Quarterly, but we are quite confident that the paper upon "Democracy" will answer the expectations of that class who find in this Review the best exposition of their political faith—a class by no means without its representatives in this country. In the praise bestowed upon the new work of Sir Charles Lyell they will also be gratified to learn how entirely that gentleman's tender treatment of American Slavery is appreciated. Passing by these, however, Sir John Herschel's Astronomical Observations at the Cape of Good Hope; Dr. Beattie's Life of Campbell; a curious article upon Chess; and Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals comprise many pages of interesting matter. The marriage Question, especially touching the mooted point whether a man may marry his deceased wife's sister, is handled at great length, without, as we have satisfied ourselves by a glance, any leaning whatever toward the theories of Fourier.

General Intelligence.

CHOLERA REPORT.—The number of deaths by cholera last week was 390; the proceeding week, 423—decrease 34. It is thus receding slowly. The Report to Saturday last stands as follows:

Week ending	*Deaths*
June 2	29
" 9	121
" 16	145
" 23	152
" 30	286
July 7	317
" 14	484
" 21	714
" 28	692
Aug. 4	678
" 11	423
" 18	380
Total	4 430

The following table shows the proportion between the general mortality and the deaths by diseases of the bowels, including Cholera the last week:

Dysentery	389
Cholera Infantum	98
Cholera Morbus	13
Diarrhea	55
Dysentery	78
Total	633
All other diseases	335

MR. CALHOUN REPUDIATED.—The Southern Banner, published at Athens, Georgia, a very prominent and decided democratic paper, says at the close of a reply to a whig paper which had asserted that Mr. Calhoun had whipped the late administration over Mr. Benton's shoulders—

"Why, does not the Chronicle perceive that neither party can make anything out of Mr. Calhoun? Let him rest. The fate of Ishmael is his. *His hand is against every man, and every man's hand shall be against him.*"

We see similar comments on Mr. Calhoun's present position in many other southern journals. In fact, he appears to have no cordial support anywhere out of South Carolina. He is fast losing the championship of the South.—*Post.*

SCHOOL FOR COLOURED CHILDREN.—An elaborate Report has been made on this subject by a Committee of the Board of Education. Under the existing ordinances, coloured children are prohibited from entering the several public schools of this city, and a separate school has been maintained for their accommodation. The Report shows strong pecuniary reasons for abandoning the separate school, and argues with much force that many advantages would result from permitting coloured children to be received in all the schools on the same footing as those who are white.—*Rochester American*, 10th.

Married.

In Northampton, August 8th, Rev. CHARLES MASON, rector of Grace Church, Boston, to Miss ANNA H. LYMAN.

Died.

August 16th, after a severe illness, MARY A. daughter of the late James Revburn, in the 24th year of her age.

At Vienna, N. Y. on the 3d instant, EBENEZER HILLS, a coloured man, aged 110 years. He was born a slave, at Stonington, Conn. and became free when 28 years of age. He served through the Revolutionary war, and was at the battles of Saratoga and Stillwater, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne.

At Clearmont, on the 12th instant, after a lingering illness, MARY CLARKE, in her 61st year, relict of Capt Robert T. Spence, U. S. Navy, and daughter of Nicholas Carroll, Esq. late of Annapolis.

In Providence, August 10, of the prevailing epidemic Mr. GEORGE COOK, a native of Kingston, Mass and half brother to Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, aged 56.

At Princeton, N. J. 11th inst. Prof. DE SONDRON, of the College.

Of Cholera, on Saturday morning, August 13, at 8 o'clock, CHALKLEY COLLINS, M. D. in the 24th year of his age, son of Job. S. Collins of Utica, and brother to Clarkson T. Collins, M. D. of this city.

At Forest Home, Westbrook, Me. August 15, very suddenly, Mrs. JUNIA LUELLA B. SMITH, 40, wife of Hon. F. O. J. Smith, and daughter of the late Dr. Levi Bartlett, of Kingston, N. H.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Worcester Anti Slavery Fair will open at Worcester, on the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 18th, and will continue through the week. The display of articles will be larger and more beautiful than that of last year, a Box having been just received from Leeds, England, containing a most elegant variety of Bags, Cushions of all kinds, Purses, Mats, Toys, Drawings, and other articles too numerous to particularize; also, beautiful figures in Biscuit from Paris, Bronzes, Fans, and French Books, exquisite embroidery, a few French caps, China Autographs, in fine the large and tasteful assortment, that, thanks to the philanthropy of so many climes and countries, may be confidently expected at an Anti-Slavery Fair.

As our sales are generally in proportion to the quantity of goods, any donation, especially those suitable for the dress of Ladies and Children, will be gratefully received.

There will be a Refreshment Table, and at this time a large attendance may be confidently expected, all our friends throughout the County are earnestly requested to contribute the necessary supplies. Pies, Cake, Fruit, Blanc mange Cream, Preserves, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, &c. will be most acceptable gifts. Upon the tried and true friends of the cause we shall DEPEND for this measure of assistance.

As the season selected for the Fair will be probably most delightful, and the attractions of Worcester at that time various, we trust that the friends of the Cause, far and wide, will flock thither, consecrating their own enjoyments, by labours in the service of the noblest of efforts—that of the emancipation of the American Slave.

CHESTER COUNTY ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Chester County Anti Slavery Society will be held at West Grove Friends' meeting house, on 7th day the 1st of next month, commencing at 10 o'clock.

Will there be a general attendance? Is it worth while to remind Abolitionists that "*important business*" will come before the meeting? Can it be necessary to insure the attendance from all parts of the county of the tried friends of the slave, to remind them that the object of their association, though steadily advancing, is not yet accomplished? that great responsibilities still rest upon *them*? Need we specially *invite* our friends from Delaware and Lancaster counties? Must we speak of the charming ride through our beautiful country or pledge the generous hospitality of our people to induce our Wilmington and Philadelphia friends to come to our meeting? Let those who answer in the negative be punctual to the hour.

By order of the managers,

SIMON BARNARD Sec.

8th mo. 13th, 1849.

SIXTEENTH
National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The Committee of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, deeply feeling their responsibility to the holy cause of Freedom and Humanity with which they are identified, have resolved anew to make their exertions for its promotion correspond with the greatness of its demands and the rapidity of its progress.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter upon any formal exposition of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the support of which the funds resulting from this effort are devoted. The language of our last year's Call will express better than any other our present convictions of its necessity and value. "Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and speaking as it does from a heigh above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed.....It has no local attachments, no sectarian or partisan partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose." With this Society, in a word, rests the hope of the American Slave. Its continuance and increased success, the number of its agents and the circulation of its periodicals depend greatly on the amount of funds which we through this yearly effort are enabled to place at its disposal.

We regard the importance of the American Anti-Slavery Society as paramount to that of any other Anti-Slavery organization, and of course its claims for help and sympathy paramount to those of any other. Boston and its environs indeed supply us with a market, but with a trifling exception barely sufficient to remunerate the expense of Anti-Slavery advertisements, not a cent of our receipts are expended in Massachusetts. In sustaining the Cause in her own borders, she asks no aid from beyond them, but relies entirely on her own efforts.

These being our circumstances, we appeal to Abolitionists EVERYWHERE, earnestly invoking of each aid and assistance proportionate alike to the dignity and necessity of the work we have undertaken. We are labouring for the establishment of those foundation principles on which the rights of all men must of necessity rest. Therefore to *All* we appeal in confident reliance on that common human heart whose unsophisticated instincts furnish our best hope of success.

The Sixteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will be held in Boston during Christmas week, and all desiring to cooperate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

Anne Warren Weston,	*Louisa Loring,*
M. W. Chapman,	*Mary May,*
Eliza L. Follen.	*Sarah S. Russell,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Susan C. Cabot,	*Helen E. Garrison,*
Catherine Sargent,	*Maria Lowell,*
Henrietta Sargeant,	*Abby Francis,*
Thankful Southwick,	*Harriet T. White,*
Harriet B Hall,	*Mary Gray Chapman,*
Francis Mry Robbins.	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Caroline Weston,	*Evelina A. S. Smith,*
Eliza F. Eddy,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Caroline F. Williams,	*Harriet M Palmer,*
Lydia Parker,	*Mary Willey.*
Sarah N. Southwick,	*Elizabeth Gay.*

BOOK REPOSITORY.

PUBLICATIONS ON HAND AND FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

All orders for Anti-Slavery Books, if post paid, and accompanied with the cash, will be promptly attended to.

Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	06
Authentic anecdotes of American Slavery,	08
Anti-Slavery Catechism, by Mrs. Child	06
Amusing Tales,	06
Address of S. J. May, at Syracuse,	10
Appeal to the Women of the nominally Free States,	10
Alton Riots, bound,	25
Anti-Slavery Record, vol. 2.	31
Africans taken in the Amistad—Congressional Documents,	10
Adams's (J. Q.) Speech in Congress, 1838, on the Right of Petition, and relating to the annexation of Texas.	12½

Poetry.

Sentences from Saadi.

[*Imitated for the "Christian Inquirer."*]

XI.

A SCHOLAR sought his teacher—"What shall I do?"
said he,
"With these unasked for visiters, who steal my time
from me?"
The learned Master answered—"Lend money to the
poor,
And borrow money of the rich—they'll trouble you no
more."
When Islam's army marches, send a beggar in the van,
And the frightened host of infidels will scamper to Japan.

XII.

A Tyrant asked a Dervish—"Tell me, pray,
Ought I to rise for prayers at break of day?"
"For you, to sleep till noon," said he, "were best,
Then, for six hours at least, mankind would rest."

XIII.

The Sultan in his fever cried, "If Allah lets me live,
In gratitude to holy men, a purse of gold I'll give."
So said, so done. He soon grew well, and sent his servant out
A hundred Dirams in his purse, to hunt their saintships out,
The servant, wise beyond his years, returned at evening late,
He kissed the purse and laid it down, and said, "From gate to gate
I searched all day, nor in the town a holy man could find."
—"Why, what a story?" said the king; "already in my mind
I can recall a hundred, who live not far from us."
—"O mighty Lord!" the youth replied, "thy servant argued thus;
That holy men would never take my money, and again
That those who took my money, could not be holy men."
The Sultan smiled, and pondering said—"The saucy fellow's right,
A bag of gold is not the thing to give an anchorite!"

XIV.

God gives man the power to strike or miss you;
It was not thy foe who did that thing;
The shaft may from the bow appear to issue,
But we know an archer drew the string.

XV.

Once I saw a fox in terror, running hastily away.
"Whence," said I, "good Master Reynard, this precipitant dismay?"
—"Stop me not! I heard the Master give command to kill an ox."
—"Well! and what is that to you, sir? What's a bullock to a fox?"
—"Ah!" said he, "my foes are many, and if one should say, 'See there!
There's an ox!' the rest would kill me. For the error who would care?
Malice rides an Arab coarser, strikes his blow as quick as fate.
Justice, travelling in his carriage, mostly comes an hour too late."

For What shall Man Live.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

Brother, do you love your brother?
Brother, are you all you seem?
Do you live for more than living?
Has your life a law, and scheme?
Are you prompt to bear its duties,
As a brave man may beseem?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doubt;
Neither seek the house of bondage,
Walling straightened souls about;
Bats! who from their narrow spy-hole,
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow—
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh forever,
And the mighty currents free;
There, perchance, oh! young Columbus,
Your New World of truth may be

You must strive for better guerdons;
Strive to *be* the thing you seem;
Be the thing that God hath made you—
Channel for no borrowed stream.
He hath lent your mind and conscience;
See you travel in their beam!

See you scale life's misty highlands
By the light of living truth!
And with bosom braced for labour,
Breast them in your manly youth;
So when age and care have found you,
Shall your downward path be smooth.

Fear not! on that rugged highway,
Life may want its lawful zest;
Sunny glens are in the mountain,
Where the weary feet may rest,
Cooled in streams that burst forever,
From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures,"
So they write life's golden rule;
Honour won by supple baseness,
State that crowns a cankered fool,
Gleam as gleam the golden purple
In a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science,
But the gems you've won and weighed;
Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
Make the rifts they seem to shade;
Are you not a thief and beggar,
In the rarest spoils arrayed?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
Making brighter all the bright;
So, my brother! care and danger
On a loving nature light,
Bringing all its latent beauties
Out upon the common sight.

Love the thing that God created,
Make your brother's need your care;
Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
But where love is, *they* are there;
As the moonbeams light the waters,
Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
Fearing none, and loving all;
For the true man needs no patron—
He shall climb and never crawl;
Two things fashion their own channel—
The strong man and the waterfall.

Sonnet.

THREE million men, by God created free
In this America of ours are slaves;
Lives dark with suffering, unremembered graves,—
Behold the story of their destiny.
And yet, not merely because such things be
Does every noble heart indignant burn
And from the sight in loathing horror turn;
The bitterer shame and anguish is that we
The eighteen millions, strong and rich and great,
Proud of the memories that from Plymouth date,
In Christ's own Gospel swift our parts to claim,
Are yet the enslavers of the weak and poor,
Or worse, the jailers at their prison-door.
Is there not cause for agony and shame?

[*Liberty Bell.*

Miscellany.

LEGEND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

BY REV. M. SPRINGER.

Martha's Vineyard is the largest of the group of beautiful islands which lie off the south shore of the Old Bay State. During a delightful visit of two weeks on this island, I spent much time in roaming over its old fields, and ascending the summit of the Chilmark hills, from whence there is a fine view of Noman's Island at the southwest, the Elizabeth Islands in the northwest, and Nantucket at the east. Often have I strolled for miles upon the sandy beach, watching the ever-rolling surf, and picking up curious pebbles and strange shells. At other times, from the tower of the Methodist church, in Edgartown, which is the grand look-out for approaching whale ships and fishing craft, I have explored with the telescope the south shore of Cape Cod, and looked in upon the beautiful villages, which are scattered along from Falmouth to Chatham. From this elevated position, in a clear day, may be seen hundreds of vessels, dotting the surface of the ocean in every direction, as far as the eye can reach.

My most interesting visit, however, was to Gay Head, on the westernmost extremity of the island. It is an elevated promontory, terminating in a bold perpendicular cliff, about one hundred and sixty feet high. The cliff is composed of clay of different colours, blue, red and white in alternate strata, and presents, from the ocean, a strange, fantastic appearance, not much unlike a lady's head-dress, from which circumstance sailors have given it the appropriate name of Gay Head. A deep gorge, or ravine, in one place leads, by a tortuous passage, to the water's edge, and from a singular Indian tradition, is called the Devil's Den. In this gorge are found, mixed with the soil, bones and teeth of sharks, whales, and other fish, with fragments of fossil charcoal, supposed by some to be the residue of fires, kindled by the ancient aboriginal inhabitants, for the purpose of cooking and celebrating their piscatory feasts. Imbedded in the clay, also, of the bluff, are found skeletons of fish so perfect, and in such positons, as to induce the belief among scientific men, that Gay Head was suddenly elevated from the sea by volcanic or subterranean force.

The little peninsula forming Gay Head has been set apart, and appropriated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to the remnant of a once numerous tribe of Indians, who now live in neat, substantial houses, cultivate the soil, and furnish some of the most fearless and successful adventurers in the whale-fishery.

There is an ancient tradition still preserved, and familiar with these descendants of the aboriginals, and which is found in Jones' traditions of the North American Indians. From this it appears that the first adventurer from the main land to the Island of Nope, (the original name of Martha's Vineyard) was an Indian, who, many years since, went across on a cake of ice, accompanied by his dog. The only inhabitant he found was a giant, named Moshop, who, with his wife and five children, lived in the Den at Cape Higgin, (the Indian name of Gay Head.) He was tall as the pine tree, and, assisted by his wife and sons, used to wade into the ocean and catch whales, drag them on shore, and with a fire made of trees which they had plucked up by the roots, roast them for their daily repast.*

Unlike these cannibal monsters, Slaygood and Grim, who, in the days of Bunyan, delighted in picking the bones of poor pilgrims, Moshop was placable and good-natured. Conscious of his superior prowess, he saw with complacency the arrival of fresh emigrants from the main, parcelled out his island to their chiefs, assisted them in their enterprizes, and taught them the art of killing whales. At this time there settled on the southern shore of Nope a powerful chief named Hiwasse, who became the great sachem of that portion of the island which lies most exposed to the fogs of spring. He was a rich and mighty man, had much land well adapted to the growing of maize, swamps filled with terrapins and cranberries, numerous ponds stocked with clams, oysters perch, and wild fowl, and forests abounding with deer. He was, moreover, on excellent terms with Moshop, and thus escaped all taxes, contributions and tenths; only making him, now and then, a present of grapes and cranberries for a desert to his more substantial dinners of whale's flesh and oil.

This sachem had an only daughter, young, and more beautiful than any other maiden in all the Island of Nope. Her hair was long and glossy as the raven's plume; her step light as the bounding doe.—None in the mimic sport could draw the hunter's bow so dexterously, or manage the light skiff in the tumbling surf with so much skill as Nanina, (the Little Raven.) When her hair was decked with scallop shells, and her ears ornamented with pendant crab's claws, she was perfectly bewitching. She was, indeed, a beautiful creature, and understood better than any other the art of attracting all the brave and best of the land. Her father's wigwam was visited by numerous suitors, who came to solicit Nanina's love. Thither came the chiefs of tribes that dwelt at Chapoquiddick, Popannessett, and Suckatasket,† who asked of the grand sachem his daughter in marriage. But the Little Raven was deaf to all their tales of love. She laughed at their presents of conch shells, terrapins, and eagle's feathers, and barred her father's wigwam against their approach. The truth must be told. Nanina had long placed her affections upon a young warrior named Waposset, who dwelt at the west end of the island. He was reckoned a great favourite of Moshop, and some even said he was the son of the devil of Cape Higgin. Waposset was taller and more graceful than any other young man of all the tribes of Nope. Though an orphan, and without inheritance, he had become distinguished for uncommon bravery and prowess in battle; and, while terrible as the lightning's stroke to his foes, to Nanina he was all gentleness and love.

Long had they loved each other with the truest affection, and all their hopes centered in a union. But Hiwasse was proud, and, like many other fathers, objected to the marriage of his daughter with one so penniless as Waposset. What was to be done? The lovers talked the matter over again and again, and finally determined to apply to Moshop for his counsel and aid. They forthwith repaired to the residence of the goblin. It was an auspicious moment; for Moshop was in the height of glee and good nature at his extraordinary success in whale-fishing. A school of these monsters, in a recent dark and stormy night, becoming bewildered, had floundered on a neighbouring ledge, and a great many young whales had been deposited near the mouth of his den. Withal he had just received a present, from a distant friend, of several hundred pounds of tobacco, and was now enjoying his pipe, after a luxurious meal. He was, indeed, just in that joyous and happy state, when a man, whose utmost wants have all been recently supplied, is disposed to let others share the happiness which he himself possesses. He listened auspiciously to the tale of the lovers, and, rising from his grassy couch, thrust a hundred pounds of tobacco into his pouch, and placing the remains of a grampus, on which he had recently dined, into his huge pocket, to serve as a lunch, with Waposset perched on his shoulder, and Nanina sitting on his folded arm, he proceeded forthwith, at a pace that would have challenged the man with the seven league boots, to Sanchequintacket,‡ the residence of Hiwasse. The chief was engaged with the other sachems of the east end, in celebrating a feast. All rose with profound respect at the appearance of Moshop, who, without preface or ceremony, demanded of Hiwasse his objections to the marriage of Waposset with the beautiful Nanina. Hiwasse replied. His reasons were the same that have a thousand times been urged by rich and purse-proud fathers, to the marriage of their daughters with poor but meritorious lovers, "Poverty."

This was the sum of Hiwasse's objections. If he were sachem of an honourable tribe, or did he own an island of the surrounding group, or if he could pay a large dower in wampum, eagle's feathers, and wolf skins, he might be welcome to his daughter. "Good," said Moshop, "follow me." At the time of which we write, Nantucket had no existence. The little island of Tuckernuck then formed part of the great island of Nope, from which it was afterward discovered by the washing of the sea, during a mighty storm. To a high cliff upon the eastern side of this same Tuckernuck, Moshop conducted Hiwasse, his daughter, her lover, and a great crowd of Indians, who followed to see what mighty feat the goblin was about to perform. First, he dug a great hole in the earth, the contents of which he threw into the sea. Into the hole he casted heated stones, muttering all the while strange words, the meaning of which none but himself could understand. Once he bowed to the setting sun, twice to the north star, blew thrice an immense conch shell, when, in a few moments, the clouds arose, it grew black as midnight, while muttering thunders were heard and lightning flashed. Moshop charged heavily his pipe with tobacco, and presenting it with his right hand to the clouds, kindled it from a flash of lightning. He now commenced smoking at a huge rate. Presently a hissing noise was heard: Moshop had emptied his pipe into the sea. Soon it grew light; a gentle breeze wafted away the vapours which surrounded them, and there in all its original beauty, lay Nantucket, the name of which Moshop pronounced, (meaning Nanina's island,) and gave it to the maiden for her dower. The couple were married, and Waposset lived long and happy, the powerful sachem of Nantucket.—*Post.*

* There is a ledge in the Vineyard Sound, stretching off in the direction from Gay Head toward the Elizabeth islands, known to sailors as the "Sow and Pigs." Indian tradition informs us that these rocks are remnants of an ancient bridge, built by Moshop, which was afterward washed away by the sea.

† These are well known localities on the island, still recognized by these names.

‡ The residence of the late Ichabod Norton, Esq.

ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT.

"I believe the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this:—Was it done with enjoyment—was the carver happy while he was about it? It may be the hardest work possible, and the harder because so much pleasure was taken in it; but it must have been happy too, or it will not be living. How much of the stonemason's toil this condition would exclude I hardly venture to consider, but the condition is aboslute. There is a Gothic church lately built near Rouen, vile enough, indeed, in its general composition, but excessively rich in detail; many of the details are designed with taste, and all evidently by a man who has studied old work closely. But it is all as dead as leaves in December; there is not one tender touch, not one warm stroke, on the whole facade. The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. And so long as they do so, they are merely loading your walls with shapes of clay; the garlands of everlastings in Pere la Chaise are more cheerful ornaments. You cannot get the feeling by paying for it—money will not buy life. I am not sure even that you can get it by watching or waiting for it. It is true that here and there a workman may be found who has it in him, but he does not rest contented in the inferior work—he struggles forward into an Academician; and from the mass of available handicraftsmen the power is gone—how recoverable I know not; this only I know, that all expense devoted to sculptural ornament, in the present condition of that power, comes literally under the head of Sacrifice for sacrifice's sake, or worse. I believe the only manner of rich ornament that is open to us is the geometrical colour-mosaic, and that much might result from our strenuously taking up this mode of design. But, at all events, one thing we have in our power—the doing without machine-ornament and cast-iron work, all the stamped metals, and artificial stones, and imitation woods and bronzes, over the invention of which we hear daily exultation—all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honour—are just so many new obstacles in our already encumberod road. They will not make one of us happier or wiser—they will extend neither the pride of judgment nor the privilege of enjoyment. They will only make us shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits. And most justly. For we are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and this is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the thing it rules; and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel."—*Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

From the Caxtons—By Bulwer.

A CHAPTER ON HOUSE-TOPS.

The House-tops! what a sobering effect that prospect produces on the mind. But a great many requisites go towards the selection of the right point of survey. It is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; you must not be fobbed off with a front attic that faces the street. First, your attic must be unequivocally a black attic; secondly, the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbours; thirdly, the window must not lie slant on the roof, as is common with attics—in which case you only catch a peep of that leaden canopy which infatuated Londoners call the sky—but must be a window perpendicular, and not half blocked up by the parapets of that fosse called the gutter; and, lastly, the sight must be so honoured that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavements: if you once see the world beneath, the whole charm of that world above is destroyed. Taking it for granted that you have secured these requisites, open your window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and contemplate the extraordinary scene which spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe that life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below. What astonishing stillness! Eliot Warburton (seductive enchanter) recommends you to sail down the Nile if you want to lull the vexed spirit. It is easier and cheaper to hire an attic in Holborn! You don't have the crocodiles, but you have animals no less hallowed in Egypt—the cats! And how harmoniously the tranquil creatures blend with the prospect—how noiselessly they glide along at the distance, pause, peer about, and disappear. It is only from the attic that you can appreciate the picturesque which belongs to our domesticated tigerkin! The goat should be seen on the Alps, and the cat on the house-top.

By degrees the curious eye takes the scenery in detail: and first, what fantastic variety in the heights and shapes of the chimney-pots! Some all level in a row, uniform and respectable, but quite uninteresting; others, again, rising out of all proportion, and imperatively tasking the reason to conjecture why they are so aspiring. Reason answers that it is but a homely expedient to give freer vent to the smoke; whereon Imagination steps in, and represents to you all the fretting, and fuming, and worry, and care, which the owners of that chimney, now the tallest of all, endured before, by building it higher, they got rid of the vapours! You see the distress of the cook, when the sooty invader rushed down, "like a wolf on the fold," full spring on the Sunday joint. You hear the exclamations of the mistress, (perhaps a bride,—house newly furnished,) when, with white apron and cap, she ventured into the drawing-room, and was straightway saluted by a joyous dance of those monads, called vulgarly *smuts*. You feel manly indignation at the brute of a bridegroom, who rushes out from the door, with the smuts dancing after him, and swears, "Smoked out again—By the Arch-smoker himself, I'll go and dine at the club!" All this might well have been till the chimney pot was raised a few feet nearer heaven; and now perhaps that long-suffering family owns the happiest home in the Row.

Such contrivances to get rid of the smoke. It is not every one who merely heightens his chimney; others clap on the hollow tormentor all sorts of hod headgear and cowls. Here patent contrivances act the purpose of weathercocks, swaying to and fro with the wind; there others stand as fixed as if by a "*sic jubeo*" they had settled the business. But of all those houses that, in the street, one passes by, unsuspicious of what's the matter within, there is not one in a hundred but what there has been the devil to do, to cure the chimney's of smoking! At that reflection, Philosophy dismisses the subject; and decides that, whether one lives in a hut or a palace, the first thing to do is to look to the hearth—and get rid of the vapours.

New beauties demand us. What endless undulations in the various declivities and ascents: here a slant, there a zig-zag! With what majestic disdain yon roof rises up to the left! Doubtless, a palace of Genii or Gin, (which last is the proper Arabic word for those builders of halls out of nothing, employed by Aladdin.) Seeing only the roof of that palace boldly breaking the skyline—how serene your contemplations! Perhaps a star twinkles over it, and you muse on soft eyes far away; while below, at the threshold—No, phantoms, we see you not from our attic! Note, yonder, that precipitous fall—how ragged and jagged the roof scene descends in a gorge. He who would travel on foot through the pass of that defile, of which we see but the picturesque summits, stops his nose, averts his eyes, guards his pockets, and hurries along through the squalor of the grim London lazaroni. But seen *above*, what a noble break in the skyline! It would be sacrilege to exchange that fine gorge for a dead flat of dull roof-tops.—Look here—how delightful!—that desolate house with no roof at all—gutted and skinned by the last London fire! You can see the poor green and white paper still clinging to the walls, and the chasm that once was a cupboard, and the shadows gathering black on the aperture that once was a hearth! Seen below, how quickly you would cross over the way! That great crack forebodes an avalanche; you would hold your breath, not to bring it down on your head. But seen *above*, what a compassionate inquisitive charm in the skeleton ruin! How your fancy runs riot—repeopleing the chambers, hearing the last cheerful good night of that destined Pompeii—creeping on tip-toe with the mother, when she gives her farewell look to the baby. Now all is midnight and silence; then the red, crawling serpent comes out. Lo! his breath; hark! his hiss. Now, spire after spire he winds and coils; now he soars up erect—crest superb, and forked tongue—the beautiful horror! Then the start from the sleep, and the doubtful awaking, and the run here and there, and the mother's rush to the cradle; the cry from the window, and the knock at the door, and the spring of those on high towards the stair that leads to safety below, and the smoke rushing up like the surge of a hell! And they run back stifled and blinded, and the floor heaves beneath them like a bark on the sea. Hark! the grating wheels thundering low; near and nearer comes the engine. Fix the ladders!—there! there! at the window, where the mother stands with the babe! Splash and hiss comes the water; pales, then flares out the fire: foe defies foe; element, element. How sublime is the war! But the ladder, ladder!—there at the window! All else are saved: the clerk and his books; the lawyer, with that tin box of title deeds; the landlord, with his policy of insurance; the miser, with his bank notes and gold: all are saved—all, but the babe and the mother.—What a crowd in the streets! how the light crimsons over the gazers, hundreds on hundreds! All those faces seem as one face, with fear. Not a man mounts the ladder. Yes, there—gallant fellow! God inspires—God shall speed thee! How plainly I see him!—his eyes are closed, his teeth set. The serpent leaps up, the forked tongue darts upon him, and the reek of his breath wraps him round. The crowd has ebbed back like a sea, and the smoke rushes over them all. Ha! what dim forms are those on the ladder? Nearer and nearer—crash come the roof tiles. Alas, and alas!—no, a cry of joy—a "Thank heaven!" and the women force their way through the men to come round the child and the mother. All is gone, save that skeleton ruin. But here the ruin is seen from *above*. O Art, study life from the roof-tops!

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH LAMB.

I was one evening in June, 1818, in James Valpy's study, where it was necessary to light a candle at noon and to have fire in June, when a small, old, good-humoured, dark-looking man entered; at first only his head was seen, then his large shoulders, then a delicate trunk, and at last two legs, fantastically meagre, and almost imperceptible. He had a green umbrella under his arm, and a very old hat pulled down over his eyes.

Vivacity, melancholy, and gayety seemed to gush forth in torrents from his extraordinary countenance. As soon as you fairly saw him, you regarded no more this ridiculous exterior, it seemed as if something formed of pure intellect was before you, passing the bounds of matter, shining through outward form, disporting itself like the light, overflowing from all parts. There was neither health nor strength, scarcely anatomical reality in those poor little spindles covered with ribbed floss silk, and terminated by extraordinary feet cased in large shoes which, placed flat on the ground, advanced slowly after the fashion of palmipedes. But you saw nothing of these singularities, you only gave attention to a magnificently developed forehead, over which locks of glossy black curled naturally; to large, melancholy eyes, to the expression of a lage, liquid pupil, to the excessive fineness of the nostril, sculptured with the delicacy of which I have never seen another example; to the bend of a nose very similar to that of Jean Jacques, in his portraits. All this, with the nobly elongated oval of his face, the exquisite contours of his mouth, and the fine position of the head, lent dignity—intellectual dignity, the highest of all—to this feeble and disproportioned organism.

The good Lamb—a sort of La Bruyère Addison and Sterne, whom no one will ever translate, and it will be well not to do so—Charles Lamb; *Carlagnulus*, as the savants called him; Elia, as he was styled by the *au fait* [he had thirty little friendly sobriquets, and I never heard any one speak of him solemnly and seriously as Mr. Lamb], the good Lamb then came to enquire after one of his friends, Hugh Boyce, a poor young man, consumptive, a great scholar, moreover, something of a poet and very interesting, whom our publisher had chained in his pack, and employed, with twenty more, in the chase of Greek accents. Lamb possessed a collection of friends of that kind. A singularity or a misfortune sufficed to attach him to a man; he loved these wandering fragments, broken reeds, plucked flowers, which float at hazard along the social current.

More than one foolish adventurer punished him for such preferences; these robbed him, those laughed at him, others calumniated him, as in general they took him for a rich man, and were not mistaken.—The poor clerk in the East India Company's offices was assuredly a potentate compared to orphans and lost children, actors without engagements, officers without half-pay, or any fraction of authors without publishers, scholars without a public, whom he made his comrades of a morning. As he could only love them and not help them, he only gained their ill will; but he still and always loved them. Never did a human heart find more enjoyment in pity.—The need of sympathy and commisseration was in Lamb almost a disease. He venerated a poor man, he esteemed a sick man—if you were poor and sick he would follow you as a dog follows his master.—An enemy of pedants, he had an especial hatred of philanthropists— the Tartuffes of modern religion; he would I think, have strangled a moralist and hung a negrophilist. He abhorred grand speeches, and regarded systems as nets of vast dimensions set by avidity, fraud and audacity, for human folly. Gay and melancholy, pardoning everything in a man except lying, always smiling, often laughing, sickly to an excess, drinking a little too much ale with his friends, smoking too much, spending in puns nine-tenths of his talents, in old books of the fifteenth century three-fourths of his little income—this romantic being, who mocked at romance as the Chevalier Cervantes did at chivalry, was not only a strange man, but of great heart—a man of genius whom the Dickenses and Marryatts may hide for a moment, but will never eclipse. Already he stands a full head taller than the most part of the illustrious men of his generation or of our own.—*Literary World.*

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"Whoever is acquainted with history—whether of his own or any other country—cannot fail to be impressed by the uniform development of one great principle, and that is, the substitution of reason for force, and of gentleness for violence. Very slow in its motion very complex in its operation, and remote and indirect in its results, but still there it is. It has long been a theme with the divines that this principle is the result of the teachings of Christianity; but it would not be impugning that lovely doctrine, nor belaying that sacred revelation, to say that it may be attributed to the expansion of the intellectual power. The great Ruler of the Universe may have bestowed the intellect to promote Christianity, as well as Christianity to develope the intellect. The cause is hidden, but the result is patent. Whatever the cause, the indication of all history is that the reign of violence has been, and is gradually being, supplanted by that of gentleness. This mighty fact is to be traced alike in great and small things; in the destruction of the military sway of Rome, in the decay of the feudal system, in the abrogation of parental dominition in families, in the restriction of the tyranny of masters, and in the manumission of labourers. It is to be traced in the statue book and the novel. The contrast between past and present notions is equally seen in the statutes against reason and witchcraft as it is in the pages of "Clarsissa Harlowe," or in Shebeare's "Marriage Act." The very sentiments of our immediate progenitors are found to grate on our own; force and submission are ever uppermost in their ideas, but kindness and right seldom. We perceive the lingering homage paid to force and violence in a superstitious veneration for royalty, and the partiality towards capital punishment. We see it clinging to many of our forms and customs. It is still preached from orthodox pulpits; still inculcated from the judicial bench. Authority had once the power to make itself so terrible that its faint shadow is even shuddered at. It permeates too much our religion; it seems to be the very vital essence of our law; and it even formerly intruded itself into science. Force, unnecessary force, is stamped upon all our actions. Our very buildings, as well as our books betray it, and it even lingers in the sticks and bludgeons our smart gentlemen like to carry. In fact, the reign of fear was everywhere predominant, from the self-flagellation in the cloisters to the clangour at the banquet; from the palace to the workhouse. Force is the agent of fraud, and it was the tyranny of the few that engendered the doctrine, as the early few white planters justified the flogging to death of refactory blacks to subdue the overwhelming multitude by terror.

With the manumission of the many this Moloch has been overcast. Equality cannot exercise, and does not need, terror. The fraternal feeling is divested of the authoritative. Justice is closely allied to kindness, though there has been an unnatural alliance formed between her and force." * *—*Jerrold's News.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.—"It is long since many, of whom I am one," says Lord Dreghorn, "have maintained that the seasons are altered; that it is not so hot now in summer as when we were boys. Others laugh at this, and say, that the supposed alteration proceeds from an alteration in ourselves; from our having become older, and consequently colder. In 1783 or 1784, in the course of a conversation I had with my brewer, who is very intelligent and eminent in his way, he mentioned that an alteration had taken place. This observation he made from a variety of circumstances; the diminution of the number of swallows, the coldness that attends rain, the alteration in the hours of labour at the time of sowing barley, which a great many years ago was a work performed very early in the morning, on account of the intenseness of the heat after the sun had been up some time. He added, that for many years past he had found that the barley did not malt as formerly, and the period he fixed on was the year in which the earthquake at Lisbon happened. I was much surprised at this last observation, and did not pay much attention to it till last summer, when I happened to read *Les Annales Politiques* of Linguet, a very scarce book, which I was sure my brewer had never read; for there, to my astonishment, I found the very same opinion, with this additional fact, that in Champagne, where he was born, they have not been able, since that earthquake, to make the same wine. He says, too, that he has seen the title deeds of several estates in Picardy, which proved that at that time they had a number of excellent vineyards, but that now no such crop can be reared there. He also attempts to account philosophically for that earthquake having such effects." Thus far Lord Dreghorn. The country about Placencia (the retreat of Charles V.) once one of the most fertile parts of Spain, is said by the inhabitants to have lost its fertility since that great earthquake. It is another extraordinary fact upon the same subject, that the herring fishery on our eastern coast commences now a month later than it did in the days of our grandfathers.—*Southey.*

SELF-DESTROYING CHARACTER OF SLAVERY.—Our route lay along a very interesting country, partly in the State of Maryland, and partly in Virginia. We beheld a great number of slaves at work in the fields—the first I had seen at their degrading labour. They exhibited no life, no activity in their occupation; but seemed to drag themselves along, as if existence were a weariness; they plied their implements of industry, careless as to the amount of work done, or studious to do as little as possible. My companion, Mr. Porter, a staunch Anti-Slavery man, descanted on the deleterious effects of Slavery on the soil itself; endeavouring to prove that Maryland and Virginia were worn out by this kind of cultivation. Whether it is so or not, I cannot pretend to determine; but the whole country where these slaves were at work has an extremely barren appearance. Such is the decree of God, that this enormous evil may wear itself out, and the planters be obliged to turn to the cultivation of such productions as may make it profitable to employ free labour. God appears to curse with sterility the land cultivated by slaves. The planters, I was informed, were getting very poor; and it was, apparently, becoming their interest to turn their attention to something else in the place of tobacco and the other productions on which slave-labour is chiefly employed. We passed on, and soon lost sight of the haggard, dispirited, broken-hearted, oppressed slave. Those fields had witnessed the labour, the tears, the blood of their race for generations; and, for ought which appears, must continne to witness the same miseries in their children, unless Heaven shall, in mercy, increase the intensity of his malediction, and render the country completely sterile. But would this be any relief? No; these poor wretches would be sold, and sent further South; and if even the same fate should follow them into the Carolinas and Georgia, still there are the Texas, Mexico, and California, to be peopled and cultivated by this unfortunate race. The evil seems to be indefinite—eternal. Provision has been made, designedly or otherwise, by the conquests of the States, for the progress of this scourge, for all time to come.—*Methodism in America.*

THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF LORD BACON.—During meditation he often had music in an adjoining room, by which his fancy was enlivened. He had many little whims and peculiarities, some of which may excite a smile: for instance, in the spring he would go out for a drive in his open coach whilst it rained, to receive (in the quaint language of Aubrey) "the benefit of irrigation," which he was wont to say was very wholesome, "because of the nitre in the air and the universal spirit of the world." He had extraordinary notions respecting the virtue of nitre, and conceived it to be of inestimable value in the preservation of health. So great was his faith, that he swallowed three grains of that drug, either alone or with saffron, in warm broth, every morning during thirty years! He seems to have been very fond of quacking himself; once a week he took a dose of the "water of Mithridate," diluted with strawberry water. Once a month, at least, he made a point of swallowing a grain and a half of "castor" in his broth and breakfast for two successive days. And every sixth or seventh day he drank an infusion of rhubarb in white wine and beer immediately before his dinner. He made it a point to take air in some high and open place every morning, the third hour after sunrise, and, if possible, he selected a spot where he could enjoy the perfume of musk, roses, and sweet violets. Besides thus breathing the pure air of nature, he was fumigated with the smoke of lign-aloes, with dried bays, and rosemary, adding once a week a little tobacco. On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with oil of almonds, mingled with salt and saffron, and this was followed by gentle friction. He was rather a hearty feeder, and, when young, preferred game and poultry, but, in after life, gave the choice to butchers' meat, which had been well beaten before roasted. At every meal his table was strewed with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine, or ale, hot and spiced, and once during supper wine in which gold had been quenched. The first draught which he drank at dinner or supper was always hot, and on returning to bed he ate a bit of bread steeped in a mixture of wine, syrup of roses, and amber, and washed it down with a cup of ale to compose his spirits and send him to sleep. In the spring he was fond of a glass of spiced pomegranate wine early in the morning, and greatly enjoyed water cresses. These little points may be unimportant in themselves, but they assist us in drawing a mental portrait of the man.—*Bentley's Miscellany for July.*

OUR POETS.—A provincial paper has the following gossip respecting our living poets:—"At the Queen's State ball on Wednesday, who should be present but the poet Laureate, William Wordsworth, from the Lakes, 'Like grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.' Poetry must be a healthy occupation. It was never considered very flattering, but the vital and divine spirit must be strong in the tuneful tribe. Here is Wordsworth, aged seventy-nine, travelling from Westmoreland and joining in Court gaieties, besides writing sonnets. (He wrote one lately on the Sisters of Mercy at Exeter.) There is Samuel Rogers, aged eighty-seven, running about to routs and picture sales. James Montgomery, at Sheffield, in his seventy-seventh year, is still intent on poetry and benevolence; and Thomas Moore, the Little, who, upon Monday next, enters upon seventy, sings his Irish melodies with as much gusto as ever, sips his pint of claret, and now and then indites honeyed verses on rosy lips, blue eyes, and 'all that sort of thing.' Joanna Baillie, bordering on fourscore, still graces her retreat at Hampstead. One of the early lakers, Thomas de Quincy, after encountering many reverses in seventy years, and after eating more opium than would kill a company of grenadiers, dreams and writes classic dreams somewhere about 'Auld Reekie,' joined occasionally by Professor Wilson, who is getting lazy though only sixty-one. So literature keeps its place in the green old haunts."

A FRENCH COOK'S LOVE STRATEGY.—"I declared myself to her," "said Alcide, laying his hand on his heart, "in a manner which was as novel as I am charmed to think it was agreeable. Where cannot love penetrate, respectable Madame Fribsbi? Cupid is the father of invention!—I inquired of the domestics what were the *plats* of which madamoiselle partook with most pleasure; and built up my little battery accordingly. On a day when her parents were gone to dine in the world (and I am grieved to say that a grossier dinner at a restaurateur, in the Boulevard, or in the Palais Royal, seemed to form the delights of these unrefined persons), the charming Miss entertained some comrades of the pension; and I advised myself to send up a little repast suitable to such delicate young palates. Her lovely name is Blanche. The veil of the maiden is white; the wreath of roses which she wears is white. I determined that my dinner should be as spotless as the snow. At her accustemed hour, and instead of the rude *gigot a l'eau*, which was ordinarily served at her too simple table, I sent her up a little *potage a la Reine—a la Reine Blanche* I called it,—as white as her own tint—and confectioned with the most fragrant cream and almonds. I then offered up at her shrine a *filet de merlan a l'Agnes*, and a delicate *plat*, which I have designated as *Eperlan a la Sainte-Therese*, and of which my charming Miss partook with pleasure. I then followed this by two little *entrees* of sweet bread and chicken; and the only brown thing which I permitted myself in the entertainment was a little roast of lamb, which I laid in a meadow of spinaches, surrounded with croustillons, representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers. After this came my second service; a pudding *a la Reine Elizabeth* (who Madame Fribsbi knows, was a maiden princess); a dish of opal-coloured plover's eggs, which I called *Nid de tortereaux a la Roucoule*; placing in the midst of them two of those tender volatiles, billing each other, and confectioned with butter; a basket containing a little *gateux* of apricots, which I know all young ladies adore; and a jelly of marsaquin, bland, insinuating, intoxicating as the glance of beauty. This I designated *Ambroisie de Calypso a la Souveraine de mon Cœur*. And when the ice was brought in—an ice of *plombiere* and cherries—how do you think I had shaped them, Madame Fribsbi? In the form of two hearts united with an arrow, on which I had laid, before it entered, a bridal veil in cut paper, surmounted by a wreath of virginal orange flowers. I stood at the door to watch the effect of this entry. It was but one cry of admiration. The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Ay, and carried me in a toast. I heard it—I heard Miss speak of me—I heard her say 'Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him!' My feet almost failed me as she spoke. Since that can I have any reason to doubt that the young artist has made some progress in the heart of the English Miss? I am modest, but my glass informs me that I am not ill-looking. Other victories have convinced me of the fact.—*Pendennis.*

NAPOLEON'S SIMPLE HABITS.—He thus disposed of crowns and surrounded himself with royal pomp, was simple and economical in his habits, and his personal expenses were trifling. He dressed in the morning for the whole day, despatched his breakfast in a few minutes, and then worked frequently to six in the evening. He dined alone with the empress, except on Sundays, when all the royal family were invited; and on Wednesdays, when the ministers met in council and dined with him, he had only one course to dinner, followed by the dessert, and he drank little wine, and even that generally mixed with water. Fifteen to twenty minutes was all he took for dinner, and as his stomach was not overloaded and his head was clear, he was fit for work immediately. He continued his labours after dinner, and seldom put off anything to the next day. He slept well at night, as calm and as sound as a child. His constitution, naturally good, and his great temperance, enabled him to undergo an enormous quantity of labour. His industrious life was only diversified by occasional visits to the theatre, or by ri